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THE LIFE OF SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE

1600

12-V-87
21/11/12

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS [No II.]
1908

PR
2867
A1
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This reprint of the first quarto of *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, has been prepared by Percy Simpson and checked by the General Editor.

Nov. 1908. W. W. Greg.

THE following entry appears in the Stationers' Register:

11 Augusti [1600] . . . .

Entred for his copies vnder the handes of master vicars and the wardens. Thomas pavier These iij copies viz.

The first parte of the history of the life of Sir John oldcastell lord Cobham.

Item the second and last parte of the history of Sir John oldcastell lord Cobham with his martyrdom

Item ye history of the life and Deathe of Captaine Thomas Stucley, with his Mariage to alexander Curtis his daughter, and his valiant endinge of his life at the battell of Alcazar . . . . . xviij^{d}

[Arber's Transcript, III. 169.]

The first part appeared in quarto, printed by V. S., i.e., Valentine Simmes, for Pavier, and bearing the date 1600. A second quarto, printed with some alterations from the first, was issued with the addition of Shakespeare's name as author. In this Pavier's name again figured, but without mention of the printer: the date given was likewise 1600, but it has been suggested that this was not the real date of printing (see the *Library*, ix. 113). The play was included among the additions made to the third folio of Shakespeare's works in 1664. This edition was printed from the second quarto, and that in the fourth folio of 1685 from the previous folio.

The following allusions to the piece occur in Henslowe's Diary in the accounts of the Admiral's men:

[fol. 65] this 16 of october [15]99 Receved by me Thomas downton of phillipp Henchlow to pay m^{r} monday m^{r} drayton & m^{r} wilsson & haythway for the first pte of the lyfe of Sr Ihon Ouldcasstell & in earnest of the Second pte for the vse of the compayny ten pownd I say receved . 10^{ll}

. . . . . .

Receved [by Samuel Rowley] of Mr Hincheloe [between 1 and 8 Nov. 1599] for Mr Mundaye & the Reste of the poets at the playnge of Sr Iohn oldcastell the ferste tyme as a gefte . . . . . x^{s}

[fol. 66^{v}] Receued of m^{r} Henchlow for the vse of the Company [between 19 and 26 Dec. 1599] to pay m^{r} drayton for the second pte of Sr Ihon ould Casell foure pownd I say receud . . . . . iiij^{ll}

p me Thomas Downton

[fol. 68] dd vnto the littell tayller at the apoyntment of Robert shawe the 12 of marche 1599 [i.e. 1600] to macke thinges for the 2 pte of owld castell some of . . . . . xxx^{s}

while in the accounts of Worcester's men we find:

[fol. 115] Lent vnto the companye the 17 of aguste 1602 to paye vnto thomas deckers for new a dicyons in owldcastelle the some of . xxxx^{s}

. . . . . .

Lent vnto Iohn ducke & Iohn thayer the 21 [?] of aguste 1602 to bye a sewt for owld castell & a sewt & a dublet of satten the some of . xij^{li}

Lent vnto Iohn ducke to paye for the turckes head & ij wemens gownes mackenge & fresh watr for owld castell & the merser bill & harey chettell in earneste of a tragedie called [?] ye 24 of aguste 1602 . 3^{li} x^{s}

[fol. 116] Lente vnto Iohn thare the 7 of septmbȝ 1602 to geue vnto Thomas deckers for his adicions in owld castell the some of . . . x^{s}

It should be remarked that Downton, Rowley, Shaw, Thare and Duke were players representing the companies; Freshwater was a tradesman. The original authors paid were Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, Robert Wilson and Thomas Hathway. The first part was delivered not later than 16 October, and performed not later than 8 November 1599. Part II seems to have been completed by 26 December 1599, but was probably not acted before 12 March 1600. The first part was published within the year. The players may have succeeded in preventing the issue of Part II: they stayed the publication of *Patient Grissel* on 18 March 1600. Probably at some date after the publication of the 1600 quarto the Admiral's company parted with their rights to Worcester's men. These, in August and September 1602, employed Dekker on a revision of the piece. It is possible that the work for which he was paid fifty shillings was the amalgamation of the two parts into a single play: there is no mention of separate parts in these later entries. No edition of the second part is known.

Of the first edition of *Sir John Oldcastle* copies are

preserved in the British Museum (C. 34. l. 2) and Bodleian libraries. The former wants the title-page, which has been supplied in facsimile. Both have been used in the preparation of the present reprint. The copies differ in certain readings, that in the British Museum having an uncorrected sheet F, and that in the Bodleian an uncorrected sheet G. The variants are given below. The quarto is printed in an ordinary roman type closely approximating in size to modern Pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). The second quarto is much commoner: copies are found in the British Museum (C. 34. l. 1 and C. 12. g. 23), Bodleian, Dyce, Trinity College Cambridge, and other libraries. The type is the same as that of the first quarto. Since the differences between the quartos are often of interest, a complete list of the variant readings of the second is given below. It has not been thought necessary to give more than a few of the readings of the folios, since they do not differ materially from those of the second quarto, and are of no independent authority.

For the authorship Henslowe's Diary is first-rate evidence, and though it does not necessarily follow that the list of collaborators there given is exhaustive, there is no reason in the present case to suppose that it is not. The division of the shares assignable to the various writers is, however, very obscure, the only clues apparently being certain inconsistencies between various parts of the play, for instance the substitution of Winchester for Rochester in V. xi. The relation between the quartos is interesting. The 'V. S.' quarto is proved to be the earlier by the fact that its catchwords are sometimes wrongly preserved in the other. With regard to the alterations three points may be noticed: the disappearance of certain dramatic touches of detail (e.g. line

2017); a marked reduction in the number of oaths (the statute against profanity in plays did not come into force till 1606); a few textual corrections (e.g. line 2408).

In the present reprint the acts and scenes have been marked in the margin according to the division adopted by Malone in his edition of 1780, with the addition of IV. v. Malone, printing from Q2, missed the exit clearly indicated in Q1 at line 2022. It should be noticed that there is a transposition of the text in Act V. Lines 2289 to 2372 belong between lines 2147 and 2148.

List of Irregular and Doubtful Readings of the First Quarto

(Including the variants between the British Museum and Bodleian copies)

22. e tha ka naues name,
58. *enters*
76. them,
81. pe puſe
83. ka naue,
93. ynow,
169. s'bloud (*apostrophe doubtful*)
196. me,
197 s.d. (*belongs to* 198)
208. ſhal,
212. *Suf*
246. liege.)
270. ont,
330. worſe
367. houſe,
383. (*not indented*)
477. *Ente r* (?)
488. ſir.
495. welcome
545. *Harp*
552. thee
562 c.w. *harp.*
584. (*assign to Harpoole.*)
585. (*assign to Sumner.*)
597. ſheepskins, (ſheepskin's?)
598 c.w. *harp.*
618. ſeruingmaan.
623. hue to
646. *Con.* (*Aleman*)
651. *Con.* (*Aleman*)
687. od (old?)
729. arrant,
776. vs, (*comma doubtful*)
790. foureteenth (*first* e *doubtful*)
819. pound's (*apostrophe doubtful*)
843. ſatisfied,
959 s.d. (*belongs to* 960)
978. thoſe (of thoſe)
986. firſt (fifth?)
1066 c.w. where
1165. *cobh.*
1181. Harpoole, (*the* l *doubtful*)
1183. preſently
1188. Amen, (?)
1198. Mault-men,(*comma doubtful*)
1208. wee'l (*apostrophe doubtful*)

1222. in't (*apostrophe doubtful*)
1236. boſome, (*comma doubtful*)
1240. mer-|cy vs (on vs)
1290. Sir Old-caſtle, what if he come not Iohn? (*B.M.*)
1292. ſuppie (*B.M.*)
1300. no walks within forty (*B.M.*)
1306. me that (*B.M.*)
1308. thers (*B.M.*)
1317. wench; (*B.M.?*)
1339. ſ peede.
1372. know (not know?)
1391. *ſir. Iohn*
1406. kill man. (*B.M.*)
1417. villainons
1421. ſworne, (*B.M.*)
1423. yfaith, (*B.M.*)
1437. hewill
1438. me a alone. (*B.M.*)
1446. beuer this (*B.M.*)
1449. Fickle (*B.M.*)
1450. Kenr (*B.M.*)
1475. reſt,
1497. *the*
1539. mens, crownes when (*B.M.*)
1569 c.w. with
1572. boate, (*Bodl.*)
1581. beſide, (*Bodl.*)
1618. hm
1641 c.w. *Har*
1647. bemore
1684. *Mur*
1689. *Mar.*
1694. King, (*Bodl.*)
1725. ynto (*Bodl.*)
1728. ſelfe falſe (*Bodl.*)
1730. prince your grace miſtakes. (*Bodl.*)
1742. warres (*B.M.*)
1747. rebellion, (*Bodl.*)
1749. *Mur*,
1806. thererefore
1824. gentleman,
1825. Peace he (*Bodl.*)
1828-9. (*omit* I *at beginning of these lines—Bodl.*)
1836. Croomes. (*Bodl.*) (*read* 'Cromer?')
1844. late, (*Bodl.*)
1846. art the (*Bodl.*)
1847. Shewt
1851. royall (loyall)
1871. god
1877. M Shrieue,
1879. *whiſpers*
1939. *Oldca.* (*period doubtful*)
charitie,
1940. Too'th
1952. to'th
1999. *Harp*
2013. pound,
2031. *Harp*
2045. *Biſh.* (*Old-ca.*)
2058. *Roch*
2105. excellent,
2110. to (ſo)
2136. me, oh (?)
2228. (*assign to Conſtable?*)
2242. foord-dayes,
2248. a bo-|mination
2268. ome,
2277. too
2284. huy
2303. left him thrice,
2357. *Club* (possibly a line lost)
2393. horriſon,
2408. Flowes (Folowes)
2439. imperfectoin
2440. inſerts (infects?)
2448. *ſleepes.*
2449. *men*
2468. gate
2472. done,
2599. ſecr etly,
2620. boudy
2679. attained (attainted)
2687. Lordſhip,
2707. though

Also the period at the end of the running title is wanting on D4, E3, F4, G4, H2, I4 and K1. As a rule speakers' names are only followed by a period when abbreviated; there is frequently no capital to the prefixed *ſir*, and *Iohn* is sometimes spelt *Ihon*.

Variant Readings of the Second Quarto

22. Downe with a kanaues
30. *As they are fighting, enter . . . Hereford, his*
38. ceremonies
53. Coſſoon, her will liue
56. *company cry for clubs:*
57-8. *Gough and Herberts faction are buſie about him. Enter the 2. Iudges,*
65. *Exit L. Herbert*
66. Sheriffe
76. of them.
80. Lord
83-7. *omit bracket and s.d.*
116. And tis
117. Sheriffe,
141 s.d. *Bayliffe*
162. *Henry*
176. Au
186. *Hertford*
200. me(my Lords) the Clergy doth
208. *omit* ye . . . *omit* but
220. bene
226. *divide after* Suffolke,
237-8. *one line*
247. What if
268. My Lord, he cannot in
289. *Biſh.* I, I, ſir
295. ſo ye
324 s.d. omit *three or*
329. *Oldman.* I, houſe-keeping
331. command, That
332. and has ſet downe an order
334. for our
337. man aske at doore for
342. can but crawle
344. at Shrewsbury battel,
346. *omit second* to . . . *omit* that
347. *omit* is
358. filthy knaues.
362. they'l
363-5. *omit s.d.*
377. *omit* O Lord,
385. your ſir.
386-7. beggarly that you can ſcarſe giue a bit of bread at your doore:
389. *omit* amongſt
395. *omit* yea,
help ye . . . *omit* yfaith,
396. mother: O God bee
402. *Har.* I, I am . . . youle
412. omit *and ſhrowde himſelfe.*
417. hates
420-3. *divide as verse after* God. . . . comming, . . . he be.
452. againſt
477-8. *one line, preceded by s.d.*
481. *omit* I
487. bhcke . . . thc walke.
488. y'are
489. *Po.* Gramercy
492. omit *Maiſter*
503. what ayle ye
505. came one to
510. robd
513. weel
518. a proceſſe . . . were he
522. if I cannot ſpeak . . . *omit* my
523. *omit* if not,
524. bad
543. ſcite
549. *omit* you
550. Zounds
552. thou know
553. I, on ſir

566. *omit* this
576. *omit* but
579. till
580 s.d. omit *he*
584. *omit* of the
586. tis wholſome Rogue,
589. *omit* Sbloud
599. ye ſhall . . . *omit* ſo
603. *omit s.d.*
614. I do know
618. be w'ye . . . ſeruingman. *Exit*
620. *omit* God
623. hue and cry
625. *omit* for
630. *omit* which are
631. *omit* an honeſt Conſtable,
634. *omit* come neere a Gods name,
635. y'are
641. Prieſt, cal'd ſir
643. *omit* he
645. is ſhe heere
654. good ſir, and
657. mee, Doll.
659. *omit the second* yfaith
665. ferke
683. Cuds bores . . . Ile
686. Berlady
690 &c. Prieſt *or* Pri. *substituted for* Wrotham.
696. *omit* Ah
700. Cotsoll.
701. Zounds
709. omit *to the Prieſt*
719. *omit* ifaith
720. maddeſt . . . that ere
724. ſerueth
732. *omit* Knight
733. *omit* eſquires,
752. (Gentlemen)
758. Sheriffe?
799. ali one:
803. *omit the second* and
804. *omit the second* and
823. *omit* out
823. flaxe, flaxe and flame.
825. Axletree
836. omit *and*
838 &c. King *or* Kin. *or* K. *substituted for* Harry.
859. you,
876-7. *omit s.d.*
878. pretenſed
880. *s.d. transferred to* 879.
896. bene
898. ſcite
911. my Liege.
915. durſt not . . . bene
927, 928. *lines transposed.*
944. Orwho's
953. ferch
959. *s.d. transferred to* 960.
966. euety
981. By fortune
1003. fetch
1015. perſwade you,
1027. Chartres
1042. *s.d. placed after* 1043.
1056-7. buſineſſe ſhould | Let you to be merry?
1058. Yet this
1067. among
1119. in plaine
1121. And haue bene highly fauoured
1125. traine laide to
1136. one; O, heere
1140-3. *as prose.*
1142. words,
1155. farwel. *Exit*
1161. burthen'd
1165. Y'are
1167. diſturbs
1183. *Exit*
1206. we are *omit* I hope . . . *omit* for our manhood, our bucklers, and
1207-8. witneſſe: this little . . . before

1210. I'me
1226. burlady,
1240. vpon vs.
1241. gold
1267. *omit* But
1297. *Enter Prieſt and*
1304. knowſt . . . *omit* ſir Iohn,
1306. haſt: and I will
1307. ha bin,
1314. merrily come, merily
1321. I like not that, yon
1324. *omit* Ah
1326. leaue behind
1327. *Exit.*
1342. Sheriffes
1358. *Exit Butler.*
1364. *Enter Prieſt.*
1365&c. Pri. *substituted for* Sir Iohn.
1368. *omit the first* I ſee
1377. *omit* drie
1382. it is:
1384. *omit* that were wont to keepe this walke?
that villaine
1398. th'art
1399. think thou mightſt
1407. do't.
1413. indeede h'as
1414. in's . . . tell that he
1417. villainous
1425. Harry
1429. beene
1437. and they will
1444. God a mercy,
1447. God a mercy
1448. ha paide
1477. beene
1481. *omit* Hee's
1495. *omit s.d.*
1496-7. *one line. omit s.d.*
1504. *Enter Prieſt.*
1505&c. Pri. *substituted for* Sir Iohn.
1508. what? ye are
1513. *omit* thou
1514. *Pri.* More? what
1519. Faith
1521. offrings
1534. *Pri.* Sir, pay
1537 &c. King *or* Kin. *substituted for* Harry *in most speeches.*
1539. Frenchmens
1540. kings
1546. caſting's
1561. diuel giue ye . . . you haue
1592-3. *As they proffer, enter Butler, and drawes his ſword to part them.*
1594. villaine . . . d'ye
1598. Pleaſe your Maieſty, it's
1610. *omit* by this light
1611. Wrotham is.
1621. *omit* therfore ſaue my life,
1622. me to dye,
1638. *omit* of Wrootham
1640. *An alarum, enter King,*
1651. *omit the second* thy
1658. you
1672. world is
1684. Fie pualtry,
1689. *omit* none
1690. a part . . . *s.d. precedes.*
1695. *omit* caitiue
1696. among
1697. into
1711. *omit* Biſhop,
1721. if he were,
1742. offered
1743. *kin.* Speake
1750. didſt thou not
1751. purpoſed
1760. know was not faulty,
1767. Iſt poſſible?
1782. nere
1789. knight, eene tak't your ſelfe.
1798. *omit the second* to,
1800. you
1823. Sheriffe.
1824-5 s.d. *Enter Harpoole and Oldcaſtle.* (*after* 1825.)

1826 &c. Cob. *substituted for* Old-caſtle.
1832-3. *omit* one of them *&c.*
1835. *omit* maieſties
1837. *omit* sbloud
1838. *omit* ſtill
1839. me of Treaſon M. Sheriffe?
1847. Shew him
1862. atSouthampton
1863. *omit* it were . . . God, that
1864. miles
1865. *omit* euer
1867. *omit* my
1878-9. *They both entreat for him.*
1906-7. *omit s.d.*
1928. ye wrong me
1932. before Whitſontide.
1944. I my . . . s.d. omit *the*
1951. *omit* And
All Engliſh, no not
1956. withal
1960. *Exit*
1967. *omit.*
1972. your honor
1973. *omit.*
1975. *omit* I warrant you,
before he'l go.
1978. *Exit*
1982. *Liou.*
1990. *omit.*
2000. it is . . . wil eſcape.
2002. to you . . . *omit* of his higheſſe moſt honorable
2003. the Counſell, . . . *omit* yet
2004. *omit* conforming . . . church.
2015. *omit* for if you do, you die:
2017-9. enough: and as for you, Ile bind you ſurely
2021. *omit* Harpoole.
2022. *omit.*
2023. *ſeruingmen*
2034. *omit.*
2035. *omit* Heare me my Lord,
2037. to get hence.
2043. *divide as verse after* libertie,
You part
2047. *omit s.d.*
2048. *omit.*
2049. Out you . . . *Cobh. eſcapes.*
2058. omit *Roch within.*
2059. on
2062. *divide as verse after* ſpeed,
For now's
2063. *omit* for me . . . *omit* away.
2071. on
2084. through
2103. winds
2105. then were it
2110. And ſo . . . in his
2114-5. *The King ſteps in vpon them with his Lordes.*
2119. the king,
2122. to
2130. But ſomewhat
omit might I ſpeake my mind,
2131. *omit.*
2132. came verie neere
2135. *omit.*
2140. *omit s.d.*
2142-3. *omit s.d.*
2147. *Exit.*
2148. *L. Cobham,*
2149. y'are . . . as is heere
2150. *omit* by the maſſe
2154. *omit* In
2161. introth.
2163. although
2164. I prethee
2165. cleane ſheets,
2167. nere layen
2186. although
2193. omit *heere is heard* . . . omit *great*
2196. tell vs where
2203. *omit* is
2207. *omit* Lord Cobham
2210. *ſtealing in his gowne.*
2216. zounds

2217. *omit* was
2221. ſcape.
2222. omit *A* . . . omit *againe*
2242. farre-dayes,
2243. Who goes
2245. ope
2248-50. *divide after* oſtler . . . boies : . . . end,
2252-4. *divide after* gheſts ? . . . ha ?
2256. *divide after* haue ?
2258. the woman
2266. omit *the* . . . omit *lord*
2269. foreweare
2277. *omit* now the . . . too too
2281. bin
2283. *omit* villaine
2284. eſcapt . . . *omit* out
2288. *Exit*
2290 &c. Pri. *substituted for* Sir Iohn.
2298. till . . . *omit* that you might,
2299. beene . . . *omit* I . . . Cobham.
2300. *omit* ile none of that,
2304. *omit* Faith ſir Iohn,
2308-10. *omit* to buy . . . fleece,
2310. & money we will haue I warrant
2312. *omit s.d.*
2313. man, and nowe is rifling on him,
2315. *Enter the Iriſhman with his dead maſter, and rifles him.*
2316. *Iriſh.* Alas
2317. dy golde
2318. dee well, . . . kill dee,
2322. y'are . . . damn'd . . . kild
2324. *omit* Iriſh
2325-7. *omit* ſirra . . . barke.
2325. dog, *robs him*
2328. my meſter
2329. ſhain
2330. *omit.*
2332. *omit* madde
2333. *omit* hey
2336. *of the houſe . . . Iriſhman.*
2340. Faith fellow
2341. *omit* that I may not diſapoint,
2342. haue as much as
2344. tanke . . . *omit* de ſtraw is good bed for me.
2348. to
2349. *omit.*
2351. *omit* Ho,
2352. Vds hat
2357. omit *Club* Ho
2360. God a mercy . . . where is
2362. Tom's . . . *omit* O
2364. Vds hat
2365. yonders . . . abomination
2366. as was neuer
2367. Vds hat
2368. bin
2372. *omit* and Ile . . . *exeunt.*
2373. *Enter Cobham*
2374 &c. Cob. *substituted for* Oldca.
2378. Rocheſter.
2379-80. *one line.*
2385-6. *one line.*
2398-9. *s.d. precedes* 2398.
2408. Followes
2410. ore-flying
2427. Makes
2431-2. *omit.*
2433-4. *one line.*
2439. imperfection
2443. happen'd ?
2448 s.d. *Fal aſleep.*
2465. wood-kernes
2468. *omit.*
2470. And which
2479. was knowne.
2498. were there
2500. *omit.*
2501. To Hartford with them, where
2504. *omit s.d.*
2505. omit *biſhop of* *with Prieſt, Doll, and*

2511-13. *divide as verse after* Iriſh, . . . ſo,
2512. *omit* altogether
2513. *omit* Seemes to be
2515. be me . . . Lort Cobham,
2519&c. Pri. *substituted for* ſir Iohn.
2519-21. *divide as verse after* Engliſh, . . . triall:
2519. *omit* my
2521. *omit* be decided by
2527. faires
2536. we ſhall beare
2540. *omit.*
2541. omit *and his man,*
2551. *La. Cobham*
2563-4. No, if we dye let this our comfort bee,
2566. I, I, my
2569-71. *omit.*
2573. omit *two*
2574. *omit the second* and
2577. vs to the
2581. lay waite
2585. you
2591. yon priſners
2594-5. ſuſpected for this murder?
2598. Meane time
2620. bloody
2623. But how came your ſharp edgd kniues vnſheathd
2626. you
2638. *Enter Conſtable with the Iriſhman, Prieſt,*
2646. Lord,
2655. Rocheſter. *Deliuers them.*
2659-61. *omit* foule . . . of this:
2661. Wer't not that the Law
2666. *omit.*
2676. *omit* And . . . deſeru'd,
2676-7. Yet vpright law will not hold you excuſde,
2679. attainted
2682. *omit* he repents,
2685. Rocheſter
2689-90. *one line to* liberty.
2690. *omit* paying their fees.
2691-4. *omit.*
2697. I giue theſe few Crownes. *omit* more for them to drinke.
2697-8. *omit s.d.*
2699. *and Cobham.*

Chief Variants of the Folio Texts with a few Conjectures of Malone

130. Oldcaſtle's
304. golden ruddocks.
452. againſt this
473. take the vantage
501. In good health,
562. marry is it.
646. *Ale-m.*
651. *Ale-m.*
906. whereby this matter
978. of thoſe
1113. the like,
1166. unquiet
1364. *John and Doll.* (*M.*—cf. 1570.)
1446. bower. (*M.*—cf. 2333.)
1706. Lord,
1755. *omit.*
1793. it's impoſſible
1836. *Cromer?*
1958. Ellenor Rumming, (*M.*)
2069. 1 *Ser.* And I— (*M.*)
2120. can furniſh ye;
2242. two fair dayes,

Besides variants of this description there are also a number of passages in the folios in which a single word has dropt out.

List of Characters,

in the order of their entrance.

Lord Herbert.
Gough, his man.
Lord Powis.
Davy, Owen } his men.
The Sheriff of Hereford.
a Bailiff.
The Mayor of Hereford.
a Sergeant.
two Judges of Assize.
The Duke of Suffolk.
The Bishop of Rochester.
Butler, (a gentleman of the Privy Chamber.—Fol.)
Sir John, the parson of Wrotham.
Henry the Fifth, King of England.
The Earl of Huntington.
3 Soldiers, old man } beggars.
Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.
Harpoole, his steward.
Clun, the Bishop's Sumner.
Butler to Lord Cobham.
a Constable of Kent.
an Aleman.
Doll, the parson's wench.
Sir Roger Acton, Bourne, Beverley, William Murley, the brewer of Dunstable } insurgents.
The Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroop, Sir Thomas Gray, Chartres, agent of the King of France } conspirators.
Lady Cobham.
Lady Powis.
Dick, Tom } Murley's men.
The Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.
Cromer, Sheriff of Kent.
three Servants of the Bishop.
The Lieutenant of the Tower.
MacChane, an Irishman.
Host of the Bell at St. Albans.
Robin, a drawer (?) at the Bell.
Clue, a Lancashire carrier.
Kate Owdham, his niece.
The Ostler of the Bell.
The Mayor of St. Albans.
a Constable of St. Albans.
Officer of the Watch.
Sir Richard Lee.
two Servants of Sir Richard.
the Gaoler of St. Albans.
a Judge.
two Justices (of the Peace).

The Sheriff of Hereford's man, Officers and Townsmen; a messenger (l. 172); attendants of the King, the Lord Warden and the Sheriff of Kent; the Lieutenant of the Tower's guard; the Watch at St. Albans and the Gaoler's men.

The Sumner is not named till l. 1952, the Irishman not till l. 2516; Kate's name is given as Owdham, i.e. Oldham, at l. 2286.

1538 V

The first part

Of the true and hono-

rable history, of the life of Sir *John Old-castle, the good* Lord Cobham.

C
purchased 1827

As it hath been lately acted by the right honorable the Earle of Notingham Lord high Admirall of England his Seruants.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON

Printed by V.S. for Thomas Pauier, and are to be solde at his shop at the signe of the Catte and Parrots neere the Exchange.

1600.

The Prologue.

THe doubtful Title (Gentlemen) prefixt
Upon the Argument we haue in hand,
May breede ſuſpence, and wrongfully diſturbe
The peacefull quiet of your ſeiled thoughts:
To ſtop which ſcruple, let this briefe ſuffiſe.
It is no pamperd glutton we preſent,
Nor aged Councellor to youthfull ſinne,
But one, whoſe vertue ſhone aboue the reſt,
A valiant Martyr, and a vertuous peere,
In whoſe true faith and loyaltie expreſt
Vnto his ſoueraigne, and his countries weale:
We ſtriue to pay that tribute of our Loue,
Your fauours merite, let faire Truth be grac'te,
Since forg'de inuention former time defac'te.

The true and honorable Hiſtorie, of *the life of Sir Iohn Oldcaſtle, the* good Lord Cobham.

In the fight, enter the Sheriffe and two of his men.

Sheriffe.

MY Lords, I charge ye in his Highneſſe name,
To keepe the peace, you, and your followers.
Herb. Good M. Sheriffe, look vnto your ſelf.
Pow. Do ſo, for we haue other buſineſſe.
Proffer to fight againe
Sher. Will ye diſturbe the Iudges, and the Aſſiſe?
Heare the Kings proclamation, ye were beſt.
Pow. Hold then, lets heare it.
Herb. But be briefe, ye were beſt.
Bayl. O yes.
Dauy Coſſone, make ſhorter O, or ſhall marre your Yes.
Bay. O yes.
Owen What, has her nothing to ſay but O yes?
Bay. O yes.
Da. O nay, pye Coſſe plut downe with her, down with her,
A Paweſſe a Paweſſe.
Gough A Herbert a Herbert, and downe with Poweſſe.
Helter skelter againe.
Sher. Hold, in the Kings name, hold.
Owen Downe e tha ka naues name, downe.

The first part

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Written by William Shakespeare.

London printed for T. P.
1600.

The Prologue.

THE doubtfull Title (Gentlemen) prefixt
Vpon the Argument we haue in hand,
May breed suspence, and wrongfully distur be
The peacefull quiet of your setled thoughts:
To stop which scruple, let this breefe suffice.
It is no pamper'd Glutton we present,
Nor aged Councellour to youthfull sinne;
But one, whose vertue shone aboue the rest,
A valiant Martyr, and a vertuous Peere,
In whose true faith and loyalty exprest
Vnto his Soueraigne, and his Countries weale:
We striue to pay that tribute of our loue
Your fauours merit: Let faire Truth be grac'd,
Since forg'd inuention former time defac'd.

A 2

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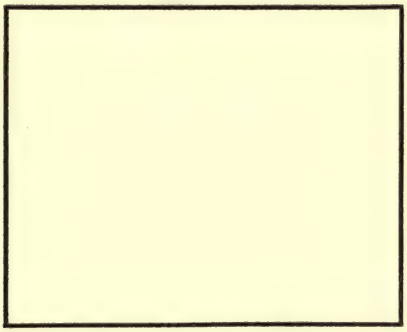
Proffer to fight againe.
Sher. Will ye diſturbe the Iudges, and the Aſſize?
Heare the Kings proclamation, ye were beſt.
Pow. Hold then, let's heare it.
Her. But be breefe, ye were beſt.
Bayl. O yes.
Dauy. Coſſone, make ſhorter O, or ſhal marre your Yes.
Bayl. O yes.
Owyn. What, has her nothing to ſay, but O yes?
Bay. O yes.
Da. O nay, py coſſe plut downe with hir, down with hir.
A *Paweſſe*, a *Paweſſe*.
Gough. A *Herbert* a *Herbert*, and downe with *Poweſſe*.
Helter skelter againe.
Sher. Hold, in the Kings name, hold.
Owyn. Downe with a kanaues name, downe.

The firſt part Of the true and honorable hiſtorie, of the life of Sir *Iohn Old-caſtle, the good* Lord Cobham.

As it hath been lately acted by the right honorable the Earle of Notingham Lord high Admirall of England his ſeruants.



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In the fight, enter the Sheriffe and two of his men. *Act I sc. i*

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Sher. Will ye diſturbe the Iudges, and the Aſſiſe?
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Gough A Herbert a Herbert, and downe with Poweſſe.
Helter skelter againe.
Sher. Hold, in the Kings name, hold.
Owen Downe e tha ka naues name, downe.

In this fight, the Bailiffe is knocked downe, and the Sheriffe and the other runne away.

Herb. Poweſſe, I thinke thy Welſh and thou do ſmart.

Pow. Herbert, I thinke my ſword came neere thy heart.

Herb. Thy hearts beſt bloud ſhall pay the loſſe of mine.

Gough A Herbert a Herbert.

Dauy A Paweſſe a Paweſſe.

As they are lifting their weapons, enter the Maior of Hereford, and his Officers and Townes-men with clubbes.

Maior My Lords, as you are liege men to the Crowne,
True noblemen, and ſubiects to the King,
Attend his Highneſſe proclamation,
Commaunded by the Iudges of Aſſiſe,
For keeping peace at this aſſemblie.

Herb. Good M. Maior of Hereford be briefe.

Mai. Serieant, without the ceremonie of O yes.
Pronounce alowd the proclamation.

Ser. The Kings Iuſtices, perceiuing what publique miſchiefe may enſue this priuate quarrel: in his maieſties name do ſtraightly charge and commaund all perſons, of what degree ſoeuer, to depart this cittie of Hereford, except ſuch as are bound to giue attendance at this Aſſiſe, and that no man preſume to weare any weapon, eſpecially welſh-hookes, forreſt billes.

Owen Haw, no pill nor wells hoog? ha?

Ma. Peace, and heare the proclamation.

Ser. And that the Lord Poweſſe do preſently diſperſe and diſcharge his retinue, and depart the cittie in the Kings peace, he and his followers, on paine of impriſonment.

Dauy Haw? pud her Lord Paweſſe in priſon, A Pawes
A Paweſſe, coſſone liue and tie with her Lord.

Gough A Herbert a Herbert.

In this fight the Lord Herbert is wounded, and fals to the ground, the Maior and his company goe away crying clubbes, Poweſſe runnes away, Gough and other of Herberts faction buſie themſelues about Herbert: enters the two Iudges in their roabes, the

the Sheriffe and his Bailiffes afore them, &c.

1. *Iud.* Where's the Lord Herbert? is he hurt or ſlaine?

Sher. Hee's here my Lord.

2. *Iud.* How fares his Lordſhippe, friends?

Gough Mortally wounded, ſpeechleſſe, he cannot liue.

1. *Iud.* Conuay him hence, let not his wounds take ayre,
And get him dreſs'd with expedition, *Ex. Herb. & Gough*
M. Maior of Hereford, M Shriue o'th ſhire,
Commit Lord Poweſſe to ſafe cuſtodie,
To anſwer the diſturbance of the peace,
Lord Herberts perill, and his high contempt
Of vs, and you the Kings commiſſioners,
See it be done with care and diligence.

Sher. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip, my Lord Poweſſe is gone,
Paſt all recouery.

2. *Iud.* Yet let ſearch be made,
To apprehend his followers that are left.

Sher. There are ſome of them, ſirs, lay hold on them,

Owen Of vs, and why? what has her done I pray you?

Sher. Diſarme them Bailiffes.

Ma. Officers aſſiſt.

Dauy Heare you Lor ſhudge, what reſſon is for this?

Owen Coſſon pe puſe for fighting for our Lord?

1. *Iudge* Away with them.

Dauy Harg you my Lord. (ſhitten ka naue,
Owen Gough my Lorde Herberts man's a
Dauy Iſe liue and tie in good quarrell.
Owen Pray you do ſhuſtice, let awl be preſon.
Dauy Priſon no,
Both at once al this
Lord ſhudge I wooll giue you pale, good ſuerty.

2. *Iudge* What Bale? what ſuerties?

Dauy Her coozin ap Ries, ap Euan, ap Morrice, ap Morgan, ap Lluellyn, ap Madoc, ap Meredith,
ap Griffen, ap Dauy, ap Owen ap Shinken Shones.

2 *Iudge.* Two of the moſt, ſufficient are ynow,

Sher. And't pleaſe your Lordſhip theſe are al but one.

1. *Iudge.*

1. *Iudge* To Iayle with them, and the Lord Herberts men,
Weele talke with them, when the Aſſiſe is done, *Exeunt.*
Riotous, audacious, and vnruly Groomes,
Muſt we be forced to come from the Bench,
To quiet brawles, which euery Conſtable
In other ciuill places can ſuppreſſe?
2. *Iudge* What was the quarrel that cauſde all this ſtirre?
Sher. About religion (as I heard) my Lord.
Lord Poweſſe detracted from the power of Rome,
Affirming Wickliffes doctrine to be true,
And Romes erroneous: hot reply was made
By the lord Herbert, they were traytors all
That would maintaine it: Poweſſe anſwered,
They were as true, as noble, and as wiſe
As he, that would defend it with their liues,
He namde for inſtance ſir Iohn Old-caſtle
The Lord Cobham: Herbert replide againe,
He, thou, and all are traitors that ſo hold.
The lie was giuen, the ſeuerall factions drawne,
And ſo enragde, that we could not appeaſe it.
1. *Iudge* This caſe concernes the Kings prerogatiue,
And's dangerous to the State and common wealth.
Gentlemen, Iuſtices, maſter Maior, and maſter Shrieue,
It doth behoue vs all, and each of vs
In generall and particular, to haue care
For the ſuppreſſing of all mutinies,
And all aſſemblies, except ſouldiers muſters
For the Kings preparation into France.
We heare of ſecret conuenticles made,
And there is doubt of ſome conſpiracies,
Which may breake out into rebellious armes
When the King's gone, perchance before he go:
Note as an inſtance, this one perillous fray,
What factions might haue growne on either part,
To the deſtruction of the King and Realme,
Yet, in my conſcience, ſir Iohn Old-caſtle

Innocent of it, onely his name was vſde.
We therefore from his Highneſſe giue this charge.
You maiſter Maior, looke to your citizens,
You maiſter Sherife vnto your ſhire, and you
As Iuſtices in euery ones precinct
There be no meetings. When the vulgar ſort
Sit on their Ale-bench, with their cups and kannes,
Matters of ſtate be not their common talke,
Nor pure religion by their lips prophande.
Let vs returne vnto the Bench againe,
And there examine further of this fray. *Enter a Baily and*
Sher. Sirs, haue ye taken the lord Poweſſe yet? *a Serieant*
Ba. No, nor heard of him.
Ser. No, hee's gone farre enough.
2. *Iu.* They that are left behind, ſhall anſwer all. *Exeunt.*
Enter Suffolke, Biſhop of Rochester, Butler, parſon of Wrotham. *Act I*
Suffolke Now my lord Biſhop, take free liberty *sc. ii*
To ſpeake your minde: what is your ſute to vs?
Biſhop My noble Lord, no more than what you know,
And haue bin oftentimes inueſted with:
Grieuous complaints haue paſt betweene the lippes
Of enuious perſons to vpbraide the Cleargy,
Some carping at the liuings which we haue,
And others ſpurning at the ceremonies
That are of auncient cuſtome in the church.
Amongſt the which, Lord Cobham is a chiefe:
What inconuenience may proceede hereof,
Both to the King and to the common wealth,
May eaſily be diſcernd, when like a frenſie
This innouation ſhall poſſeſſe their mindes.
Theſe vpſtarts will haue followers to vphold
Their damnd opinion, more than Harry ſhall
To vndergoe his quarrell gainſt the French.
Suffolke What proofe is there againſt them to be had,
That what you ſay the law may iuſtifie?
Biſhop They giue themſelues the name of Proteſtants,

And meete in fields and ſolitary groues.
ſir Ihon Was euer heard (my Lord) the like til now?
That theeues and rebells, s'bloud heretikes,
Playne heretikes, Ile ſtand toote to their teeth,
Should haue to colour, their vile practiſes,
A title of ſuch worth, as Proteſtant? *enter one wyth a letter.*
Suf. O but you must not ſweare, it ill becomes
One of your coate, to rappe out bloudy oathes.
Biſh. Pardon him good my Lord, it is his zeale,
An honeſt country prelate, who laments
To ſee ſuch foule diſorder in the church.
Sir Iohn Theres one they call him Sir Iohn Old-caſtle,
He has not his name for naught: for like a caſtle
Doth he encompaſſe them within his walls,
But till that caſtle be ſubuerted quite,
We ne're ſhall be at quiet in the realme.
Biſh. That is our ſute, my Lord, that he be tane,
And brought in queſtion for his hereſie,
Beſide, two letters brought me out of Wales,
Wherin my Lord Herford writes to me,
What tumult and ſedition was begun,
About the Lord Cobham, at the Siſes there,
For they had much ado to calme the rage,
And that the valiant Herbert is there ſlaine.
Suf. A fire that muſt be quencht; wel, ſay no more,
The King anon goes to the counſell chamber,
There to debate of matters touching France:
As he doth paſſe by, Ile informe his grace
Concerning your petition: Maſter Butler,
If I forget, do you remember me,
But. I will my Lord. *Offer him a purſe.*
Biſh. Not for a recompence,
But as a token of our loue to you,
By me my Lords of the cleargie do preſent
This purſe, and in it full a thouſand Angells,
Praying your Lordſhip to accept their gift.

Suf.

Suf. I thanke them, my Lord Biſhop, for their loue,
But will not take their mony, if you pleaſe
To giue it to this gentleman, you may.
Biſh. Sir, then we craue your furtherance herein.
But. The beſt I can my Lord of Rocheſter.
Biſh. Nay, pray ye take it, truſt me but you ſhal,
ſir Iohn Were ye all three vpon New Market heath,
You ſhould not neede ſtraine curtſie who ſhould ha'te,
Sir Iohn would quickely rid ye of that care.
Suf The King is comming, feare ye not my Lord,
The very firſt thing I will breake with him,
Shal be about your matter. *Enter K. Harry and Hunting-*
Har. My Lord of Suffolke, *ton in talke.*
Was it not ſaide the Cleargy did refuſe
To lend vs mony toward our warres in France?
Suf. It was my Lord, but very wrongfully.
Har. I know it was, for Huntington here tells me,
They haue bin very bountifull of late.
Suf. And ſtill they vow my gracious Lord to be ſo,
Hoping your maieſtie will thinke of them,
As of your louing ſubiects, and ſuppreſſe
All ſuch malitious errors as begin
To ſpot their calling, and diſturb the church.
Har. God elſe forbid: why Suffolke, is there
Any new rupture to disquiet them?
Suf. No new my Lord, the old is great enough,
And ſo increaſing, as if not cut downe,
Will breede a ſcandale to your royall ſtate,
And ſet your Kingdome quickely in an vproare,
The Kentiſh knight, Lord Cobham, in deſpight
Of any law, or ſpirituall diſcipline,
Maintaines this vpſtart new religion ſtill,
And diuers great aſſemblies by his meanes
And priuate quarrells, are commenſt abroad,
As by this letter more at large my liege,
Is made apparant.

Har. We do find it here,
There was in Wales a certaine fray of late,
Betweene two noblemen, but what of this?
Followes it ſtraight Lord Cobham muſt be he
Did cauſe the ſame? I dare be ſworne (good knight)
He neuer dreampt of any ſuch contention.
Biſh. But in his name the quarrell did begin,
About the opinion which he held (my liege.)
Har. How if it did? was either he in place,
To take part with them, or abette them in it?
If brabling fellowes, whoſe inkindled bloud,
Seethes in their fiery vaines, will needes go fight,
Making their quarrells of ſome words that paſst,
Either of you, or you, amongſt their cuppes,
Is the fault yours, or are they guiltie of it?
Suffolke With pardon of your Highneſſe (my dread lord)
Such little ſparkes neglected, may in time
Grow to a mighty flame: but thats not all,
He doth beſide maintaine a ſtrange religion,
And will not be compelld to come to maſſe.
Biſh. We do beſeech you therefore gracious prince,
Without offence vnto your maieſty
We may be bold to vſe authoritie.
Harry As how?
Biſhop To ſummon him vnto the Arches,
Where ſuch offences haue their puniſhment.
Harry To anſwere perſonally, is that your meaning?
Biſhop It is, my lord.
Harry How if he appeale?
Biſhop He cannot (my Lord) in ſuch a caſe as this.
Suffolke Not where Religion is the plea, my lord.
Harry I tooke it alwayes, that our ſelfe ſtoode ont,
As a ſufficient refuge, vnto whome
Not any but might lawfully appeale.
But weele not argue now vpon that poynt:
For ſir Iohn Old-caſtle whom you accuſe,

Let

Let me intreate you to diſpence awhile
With your high title of preheminence. *in ſcorne.*
Report did neuer yet condemne him ſo,
But he hath alwayes beene reputed loyall:
And in my knowledge I can ſay thus much,
That he is vertuous, wiſe, and honourable:
If any way his conſcience be ſeduc'de,
To wauer in his faith: Ile ſend for him,
And ſchoole him priuately, if that ſerue not,
Then afterward you may proceede againſt him.
Butler, be you the meſſenger for vs,
And will him preſently repaire to court. *exeunt.*
ſir Iohn How now my lord, why ſtand you diſcontent?
In ſooth, me thinkes the King hath well decreed.
Biſhop Yea, yea, ſir Iohn, if he would keepe his word,
But I perceiue he fauours him ſo much,
As this will be to ſmall effect, I feare.
ſir Iohn Why then Ile tell you what y'are beſt to do:
If you ſuſpect the King will be but cold
In reprehending him, ſend you a proceſſe too
To ſerue vpon him: ſo you may be ſure
To make him anſwer't, howſoere it fall.
Biſhop And well remembred, I will haue it ſo,
A Sumner ſhall be ſent about it ſtrait *Exit.*
ſir Iohn Yea, doe ſo, in the meane ſpace this remaines
For kinde ſir Iohn of *Wrotham* honeſt Iacke.
Me thinkes the purſe of gold the Biſhop gaue,
Made a good ſhew, it had a tempting looke,
Beſhrew me, but my fingers ends do itch
To be vpon thoſe rudduks: well, tis thus:
I am not as the worlde does take me for:
If euer woolfe were cloathed in ſheepes coate,
Then I am he, olde huddle and twang, yfaith,
A prieſt in ſhew, but in plaine termes, a theefe,
Yet let me tell you too, an honeſt theefe,
One that will take it where it may be ſparde,

And ſpend it freely in good fellowſhip.
I haue as many ſhapes as *Proteus* had,
That ſtill when any villany is done,
There may be none ſuſpect it was ſir Iohn.
Beſides, to comfort me, for whats this life,
Except the crabbed bitternes thereof
Be ſweetened now and then with lechery?
I haue my Doll, my concubine as t'were,
To frollicke with, a luſty bounſing gerle.
But whilſt I loyter here the gold, may ſcape,
And that muſt not be ſo, it is mine owne,
Therefore Ile meete him on his way to court,
And ſhriue him of it: there will be the ſport. *Exit.*

Act I sc. iii *Enter three or foure poore people, ſome ſouldiers, ſome old men.*

1 God help, God help, there's law for puniſhing,
But theres no law for our neceſſity:
There be more ſtockes to ſet poore ſoldiers in,
Than there be houſes to releeue them at.

Old man Faith, houſekeeping decayes in euery place,
Euen as Saint *Peter* writ, ſtill worſe and worſe

4 Maiſter maior of Rocheſter has giuen commaundement, that none ſhall goe abroade out of the pariſh, and they haue ſet an order downe forſooth, what euery poore houſholder muſt giue towards our reliefe: where there be ſome ceaſed I may ſay to you, had almoſt as much neede to beg as we.

1 It is a hard world the while.

Old man If a poore man come to a doore to aske for Gods ſake, they aske him for a licence, or a certificate from a Iuſtice.

2 Faith we haue none, but what we beare vppon our bodies, our maimed limbs, God help vs.

4 And yet, as lame as I am, Ile with the king into France, if I can crawle but a ſhip-boorde, I hadde rather be ſlaine in France, than ſtarue in England.

Olde man Ha, were I but as luſty as I was at the battell of Shrewsbury, I would not doe as I do: but we are now come to the good lord Cobhams, to the beſt man to the poore that

is

is in all Kent.

4 God bleſſe him, there be but few ſuch.

Enter Lord Cobham with Harpoole.

Cob. Thou peeuiſh froward man, what wouldſt thou haue?

Harp. This pride, this pride, brings all to beggarie,
I ſeru'de your father, and your grandfather,
Shew me ſuch two men now: no, no,
Your backes, your backes, the diuell and pride,
Has cut the throate of all good houſekeeping,
They were the beſt Yeomens maſters, that
Euer were in England.

Cob. Yea, except thou haue a crue of ſeely knaues,
And ſturdy rogues, ſtill feeding at my gate,
There is no hoſpitalitie with thee.

Harp. They may ſit at the gate well enough, but the diuell of any thing you giue them, except they will eate ſtones.

Cob. Tis long then of ſuch hungry knaues as you, *pointing*
Yea ſir, heres your retinue, your gueſts be come, *to the*
They know their howers I warrant you. *beggars*

Old. God bleſſe your honour, God ſaue the good Lord Cobham, and all his houſe,

Soul. Good your honour, beſtow your bleſſed almes,
Vpon poore men.

Cob. Now ſir, here be your Almes knights.
Now are you as ſafe as the Emperour.

Harp. My Almes knights: nay, th'are yours,
It is a ſhame for you, and Ile ſtand too't,
Your fooliſh almes maintaines more vagabonds,
Then all the noblemen in Kent beſide.
Out you rogues, you knaues, worke for your liuings,
Alas poore men, O Lord, they may beg their hearts out,
Theres no more charitie amongſt men,
Then amongſt ſo many maſtiffe dogges,
What make you here, you needy knaues?
Away, away, you villaines.

2. *ſoul.* I beſeech you ſir, be good to vs.

Cob.

Cobham Nay, nay, they know thee well enough, I thinke that all the beggars in this land are thy acquaintance, goe beſtowe your almes, none will controule you ſir.

Harp. What ſhould I giue them? you are growne ſo beggarly, you haue ſcarce a bitte of breade to giue at your doore: you talke of your religion ſo long, that you haue baniſhed charitie from amongſt you, a man may make a flaxe ſhop in your kitchin chimnies, for any fire there is ſtirring.

Cobham If thou wilt giue them nothing, ſend them hence, let them not ſtand here ſtaruing in the colde.

Harp. Who I driue them hence? if I driue poore men from your doore, Ile be hangd, I know not what I may come to my ſelfe: yea, God help you poore knaues, ye ſee the world yfaith, well, you had a mother: well, God be with thee good Lady, thy ſoule's at reſt: ſhe gaue more in ſhirts and ſmocks to poore children, then you ſpend in your houſe, & yet you liue a beggar too.

Cobham Euen the worſt deede that ere my mother did, was in releeuing ſuch a foole as thou.

Harpoole Yea, yea, I am a foole ſtill, with all your wit you will die a beggar, go too.

Cobham Go you olde foole, giue the poore people ſomething, go in poore men into the inner court, and take ſuch alms as there is to be had.

Souldier God bleſſe your honor.

Harpoole Hang you roags, hang you, theres nothing but miſery amongſt you, you feare no law you. *Exit.*

Olde man God bleſſe you good maiſter Rafe, God ſaue your life, you are good to the poore ſtill.

Enter the Lord Powes diſguiſed, and ſhrowde himſelfe.

Cobham What fellow's yonder comes along the groue?
Few paſſengers there be that know this way:
Methinkes he ſtops as though he ſtayd for me,
And meant to ſhrowd himſelfe amongſt the buſhes.
I know the Cleargie hate me to the death,
And my religion gets me many foes:

And

And this may be ſome deſperate rogue,
Subornd to worke me miſchiefe: As it
Pleaſeth God, if he come toward me, ſure
Ile ſtay his comming, be he but one man,
What ſoere he be: *The Lord Powis comes on.*
I haue beene well acquainted with that face.
Powis Well met my honorable lord and friend.
Cobham You are welcome ſir, what ere you be,
But of this ſodaine ſir, I do not know you.
Powis I am one that wiſheth well vnto your honor,
My name is Powes, an olde friend of yours.
Cobham My honorable lord, and worthy friend,
What makes your lordſhip thus alone in Kent,
And thus diſguiſed in this ſtrange attire?
Powis My Lord, an vnexpected accident,
Hath at this time inforc'de me to theſe parts:
And thus it hapt, not yet ful fiue dayes ſince,
Now at the laſt Aſſiſe at Hereford,
It chanſt that the lord Herbert and my ſelfe,
Mongſt other things, diſcourſing at the table,
To fall in ſpeech about ſome certaine points
Of *Wickcliffes* doctrine, gainſt the papacie,
And the religion catholique, maintaind
Through the moſt part of Europe at this day.
This wilfull teaſty lord ſtucke not to ſay,
That *Wickcliffe* was a knaue, a ſchiſmatike,
His doctrine diueliſh and hereticall,
And what ſoere he was maintaind the ſame,
was traitor both to God and to his country.
Being moued at his peremptory ſpeech,
I told him, ſome maintained thoſe opinions,
Men, and truer ſubiects then lord Herbert was:
And he replying in compariſons:
Your name was vrgde, my lord, gainſt his chalenge,
To be a perfect fauourer of the trueth.
And to be ſhort, from words we fell to blowes,

Our ſeruants, and our tenants taking parts,
Many on both ſides hurt: and for an houre
The broyle by no meanes could be pacified,
Vntill the Iudges riſing from the bench,
Were in their perſons forc'de to part the fray.
Cobham I hope no man was violently ſlaine.
Powis Faith none I truſt, but the lord Herberts ſelfe,
Who is in truth ſo dangerouſly hurt,
As it is doubted he can hardly ſcape.
Cobham I am ſory, my good lord, of theſe ill newes.
Powis This is the cauſe that driues me into Kent,
To ſhrowd my ſelfe with you ſo good a friend,
Vntill I heare how things do ſpeed at home.
Cobham Your lordſhip is moſt welcome vnto Cobham,
But I am very ſory, my good lord,
My name was brought in queſtion in this matter,
Conſidering I haue many enemies,
That threaten malice, and do lie in waite
To take aduantage of the ſmalleſt thing.
But you are welcome, and repoſe your lordſhip,
And keepe your ſelfe here ſecret in my houſe,
Vntill we heare how the lord Herbert ſpeedes:
Here comes my man. *Enter Harpoole.*
Sirra, what newes?
Harpoole Yonders one maiſter Butler of the priuie chamber, is ſent vnto you from the King.
Powis I pray God the lord Herbert be not dead, and the King hearing whither I am gone, hath ſent for me.
Cob. Comfort your ſelfe my lord, I warrant you.
Harpoole Fellow, what ailes thee? dooſt thou quake? doſt thou ſhake? doſt thou tremble? ha?
Cob. Peace you old foole, ſirra, conuey this gentleman in the backe way, and bring the other into the walke.
Harpoole Come ſir. you are welcome, if you loue my lorde.
Powis God haue mercy gentle friend. *exeunt.*
Cob. I thought as much, that it would not be long before I heard

heard of ſomething from the King, about this matter.

Enter Harpoole with Maiſter Butler.

Harpoole Sir, yonder my lord walkes, you ſee him,
Ile haue your men into the Celler the while.

Cobh. welcome good maiſter Butler.

Butler Thankes, my good lord: his Maieſtie dooth commend his loue vnto your lordſhip, and wils you to repaire vnto the court.

Cobh. God bleſſe his Highneſſe, and confound his ennemies, I hope his Maieſtie is well.

Butler In health, my lord.

Cobh. God long continue it: mee thinkes you looke as though you were not well, what ailes you ſir?

Butler Faith I haue had a fooliſh odde miſchance, that angers mee: comming ouer Shooters hill, there came a fellow to me like a Sailer, and asked me money, and whilſt I ſtaide my horſe to draw my purſe, he takes th'aduantage of a little banck and leapes behind me, whippes my purſe away, and with a ſodaine ierke I know not how, threw me at leaſt three yards out of my ſaddle. I neuer was ſo robbed in all my life.

Cobh. I am very ſorie ſir for your miſchance, wee will ſend our warrant foorth, to ſtay ſuch ſuſpitious perſons as ſhal be found, then maiſter Butler, we wil attend you.

Butler I humbly thanke your lordſhip, I will attend you.

Enter the Sumner. *Act II*

Sum. I haue the law to warrant what I do, and though the *ſc. i*
Lord Cobham be a noble man, that diſpenſes not with law, I dare ſerue proceſſe were a fiue noble men, though we Sumners make ſometimes a mad ſlip in a corner with a prettie wench, a Sumner muſt not goe alwayes by ſeeing, a manne may be content to hide his eies, where he may feele his profit: well, this is my Lord Cobhams houſe, if I can deuiſe to ſpeake with him, if not, Ile clap my citation vpon's doore, ſo my lord of Rocheſter bid me, but me thinkes here comes one of his men.

Enter Harpoole.

Harp. Welcome good fellow, welcome, who wouldſt thou

ſpeake with?

Sum. With my lord Cobham, I would ſpeake, if thou be one of his men.

Harp. Yes I am one of his men, but thou canſt not ſpeake with my lord.

Sum. May I ſend to him then?

Harp. Ile tel thee that, when I know thy errand.

Sum. I will not tel my errand to thee.

Harp. Then keepe it to thy ſelfe, and walke like a knaue as thou cameſt.

Sum. I tell thee my lord keepes no knaues, ſirra.

Harp. Then thou ſerueſt him not, I beleeue, what lord is thy maſter?

Sum. My lord of Rocheſter.

Harp. In good time, and what wouldſt thou haue with my lord Cobham?

Sum. I come by vertue of a proceſſe, to aſcite him to appeare before my lord, in the court at Rocheſter.

Harp aſide. Wel, God grant me patience, I could eate this conger. My lord is not at home, therefore it were good Sumner you caried your proceſſe backe.

Sum. Why, if he will not be ſpoken withall, then will I leaue it here, and ſee you that he take knowledge of it.

Harp. Swounds you ſlaue, do you ſet vp your bills here, go to, take it downe againe, doeſt thou know what thou doſt, doſt thee know on whom thou ſerueſt proceſſe?

Sum. Yes marry doe I, Sir Iohn Old-caſtle Lord Cobham.

Harp. I am glad thou knoweſt him yet, and ſirra doſt not thou know, that the lord Cobham is a braue lord, that keepes good beefe and beere in his houſe, and euery day feedes a hundred poore people at's gate, and keepes a hundred tall fellowes?

Sum. Whats that to my proceſſe?

Harp. Mary this ſir, is this proceſſe parchment?

Sum. Yes mary.

Harp. And this ſeale waxe?

Sum. It is ſo.

Harp. If this be parchment, & this wax, eate you this parchment, and this waxe, or I will make parchment of your skinne, and beate your braines into waxe: Sirra Sumner diſpatch, deuoure, ſirra deuoure.

Sum. I am my lord of Rocheſters Sumner, I came to do my office, and thou ſhalt anſwere it.

Harp. Sirra, no railing, but betake you to your teeth, thou ſhalt eate no worſe then thou bringſt with thee, thou bringſt it for my lord, and wilt thou bring my lord worſe then thou wilt eate thy ſelfe?

Sum. Sir, I brought it not my lord to eate.

Harp. O do you ſir me now, all's one for that, but ile make you eate it, for bringing it.

Sum. I cannot eate it.

Harp. Can you not? sbloud ile beate you vntil you haue a ſtomacke. *he beates him.*

Sum. O hold, hold, good maſter ſeruing-man, I will eate it.

Harp. Be champping, be chawing ſir, or Ile chaw you, you rogue, the pureſt of the hony.

Sum. Tough waxe, is the pureſt of the hony.

Harp. O Lord ſir, oh oh, *he eates.*
Feed, feed, wholſome rogue, wholſome.
Cannot you like an honeſt Sumner walke with the diuell your brother, to fetch in your Bailiffes rents, but you muſt come to a noble mans houſe with proceſſe? Sbloud if thy ſeale were as broad as the lead that couers Rocheſter church, thou ſhouldſt eate it.

Sum. O I am almoſt choaked, I am almoſt choaked.

Harp. Who's within there? wil you ſhame my Lord, is there no beere in the houſe? Butler I ſay.

But. Heere, here. *Enter Butler.*

Harp. Giue him Beere. *he drinkes.*
There, tough old ſheepskins, bare drie meate.

Sum. O ſir, let me go no further, Ile eate my word.

Harp. Yea mary ſir, ſo I meane you ſhall eate more then your own word, for ile make you eate all the words in the proceſſe. Why you drab monger, cannot the ſecrets of al the wenches in a ſheire ſerue your turne, but you muſt come hither with a citation with a poxe? Ile cite you. *he has then done.* A cup of ſacke for the Sumner.

But. Here ſir here.

Harp. Here ſlaue I drinke to thee.

Sum. I thanke you ſir.

Harp. Now if thou findſt thy ſtomacke well, becauſe thou ſhalt ſee my Lord keep's meate in's houſe, if thou wilt go in thou ſhalt haue a peece of beefe to thy break faſt.

Sum. No I am very well good M. ſeruing-man, I thanke you, very well ſir.

Harp. I am glad on't, then be walking towards Rocheſter to keepe your ſtomack warme: and Sumner, if I may know you diſturb a good wench within this Dioceſſe, if I do not make thee eate her peticote, if there were four yards of Kentiſh cloth in't, I am a villaine.

Sum. God be with you M. ſeruingmaan.

Harp. Farewell Sumner. *Enter Conſtable.*

Con. God ſaue you M. Harpoole.

Harp. Welcome Conſtable, welcom Conſtable, what news with thee?

Con. And't pleaſe you M. Harpoole, I am to make hue to crie, for a fellow with one eie that has rob'd two Clothiers, and am to craue your hindrance, for to ſearch all ſuſpected places, and they ſay there was a woman in the company.

Harp. Haſt thou bin at the Alehouſe, haſt thou ſought there?

Con. I durſt not ſearch ſir, in my Lord Cobhams libertie, except I had ſome of his ſeruants, which are for my warrant.

Harp. An honeſt Conſtable, an honeſt Conſtable, cal forth him that keepes the Alehouſe there.

Con. Ho, who's within there?

Ale man Who calls there, come neere a Gods name, oh is't you

you M. Conſtable and M. Harpoole, you are welcome with all my heart, what make you here ſo earely this morning?

Harp. Sirra, what ſtrangers do you lodge, there is a robbery done this morning, and we are to ſearch for all ſuſpected perſons.

Aleman. Gods bores, I am ſory for't, yfaith ſir I lodge no body but a good honeſt mery prieſt, they call him ſir Iohn a Wrootham, and a handſome woman that is his neece, that he ſaies he has ſome ſute in law for, and as they go vp & down to London, ſometimes they lie at my houſe.

Harp. What, is he here in thy houſe now?

Con. She is ſir, I promiſe you ſir he is a quiet man, and becauſe he will not trouble too many roomes, he makes the woman lie euery night at his beds feete.

Harp. Bring her forth Conſtable, bring her forth, let's ſee her, let's ſee her.

Con. Dorothy, you muſt come downe to M. Conſtable.

Dol. Anon forſooth. *ſhe enters.*

Harp. Welcome ſweete laſſe, welcome.

Dol. I thank you good M. ſeruing-man, and maſter Conſtable alſo.

Harp. A plump girle by the mas, a plump girle, ha Dol ha, wilt thou forſake the prieſt, and go with me.

Con. A well ſaid M. Harpoole, you are a merrie old man yfaith, yfaith you wil neuer be old: now by the macke, a prettie wench indeed.

Harp. Ye old mad mery Conſtable, art thou aduis'de of that? ha, well ſaid Dol, fill ſome ale here.

Dol aſide Oh if I wiſt this old prieſt would not ſticke to me, by Ioue I would ingle this old ſeruing-man.

Harp. Oh you old mad colt, yfaith Ile feak you: fil all the pots in the houſe there.

Con. Oh wel ſaid M. Harpoole, you are heart of oake when all's done.

Harp. Ha Dol, thou haſt a ſweete paire of lippes by the maſſe.

Dol.

Doll Truely you are a moſt ſweet olde man, as euer I ſawe, by my troth, you haue a face, able to make any woman in loue with you.

Harp. Fill ſweete Doll, Ile drinke to thee.

Doll I pledge you ſir, and thanke you therefore, and I pray you let it come.

Harp. imbracing her Doll, canſt thou loue me? a mad merry laſſe, would to God I had neuer ſeene thee.

Doll I warrant you you will not out of my thoughts this tweluemonth, truely you are as full of fauour, as a man may be. Ah theſe ſweete grey lockes, by my troth, they are moſt louely.

Conſtable Gods boores maiſter Harpoole, I will haue one buſſe too.

Harp. No licking for you Conſtable, hand off, hand off.

Conſtable Bur lady I loue kiſſing as wel as you.

Doll Oh you are an od boie, you haue a wanton eie of your owne: ah you ſweet ſugar lipt wanton, you will winne as many womens hearts as come in your company. *Enter Prieſt.*

Wroth. Doll, come hither.

Harp. Prieſt, ſhe ſhal not.

Doll Ile come anone, ſweete loue.

Wroth. Hand off, old fornicator.

Harp. Vicar, Ile ſit here in ſpight of thee, is this fitte ſtuffe for a prieſt to carry vp and downe with him?

Wrotham Ah ſirra, doſt thou not know, that a good fellow parſon may haue a chappel of eaſe, where his pariſh Church is farre off?

Harp. You whooreſon ſton'd Vicar.

Wroth. You old ſtale ruffin, you lion of Cotſwold.

Harp. Swounds Vicar, Ile geld you. *flies vpon him.*

Conſtable Keepe the Kings peace.

Doll Murder, murder, murder.

Ale man Holde, as you are men, holde, for Gods ſake be quiet: put vp your weapons, you drawe not in my houſe.

Harp. You whooreſon bawdy prieſt.

Wroth.

Wroth. You old mutton monger.

Conſtable Hold ſir Iohn, hold.

Doll to the Prieſt I pray thee ſweet heart be quiet, I was but ſitting to drinke a pot of ale with him, euen as kinde a man as euer I met with.

Harp. Thou art a theefe I warrant thee.

Wroth. Then I am but as thou haſt beene in thy dayes, lets not be aſhamed of our trade, the King has beene a theefe himſelfe.

Doll Come, be quiet, haſt thou ſped?

Wroth. I haue wench, here be crownes ifaith.

Doll Come, lets be all friends then.

Conſtable Well ſaid miſtris Dorothy ifaith.

Harp. Thou art the madſt prieſt that euer I met with.

Wroth. Giue me thy hand, thou art as good a fellow, I am a ſinger, a drinker, a bencher, a wencher, I can ſay a maſſe, and kiſſe a laſſe: faith I haue a parſonage, and bicauſe I would not be at too much charges, this wench ſerues me for a ſexton.

Harp. Well ſaid mad prieſt, weele in and be friends. *exeunt.*

Enter ſir Roger Acton, maſter Bourne, maſter Beuerley, and William Murley the brewer of Dunſtable. *Act II sc. ii*

Acton Now maiſter Murley, I am well aſſurde
You know our arrant, and do like the cauſe,
Being a man affected as we are?

Mu. Mary God dild ye daintie my deere, no maſter, good ſir Roger Acton Knight, maiſter Bourne, and maiſter Beuerley eſquires, gentlemen, and iuſtices of the peace, no maiſter I, but plaine William Murly the brewer of Dunſtable your honeſt neighbour, and your friend, if ye be men of my profeſſion.

Beuerley Profeſſed friends to Wickliffe, foes to Rome.

Murl. Hold by me lad, leane vpon that ſtaffe good maiſter Beuerley, all of a houſe, ſay your mind, ſay your mind.

Acton You know our faction now is growne ſo great,
Throughout the realme, that it beginnes to ſmoake
Into the Cleargies eies, and the Kings eares,

High time it is that we were drawne to head,
Our generall and officers appoynted.
And warres ye wot will aske great ſtore of coine.
Able to ſtrength our action with your purſe,
You are elected for a colonell
Ouer a regiment of fifteene bands.

Murley Fue paltrie paltrie, in and out, to and fro, be it more or leſſe, vppon occaſion, Lorde haue mercie vppon vs, what a world is this? Sir Roger Acton, I am but a Dunſtable man, a plaine brewer, ye know: will luſty Caualiering captaines gentlemen come at my calling, goe at my bidding? Daintie my deere, theile doe a dogge of waxe, a horſe of cheeſe, a pricke and a pudding, no, no, ye muſt appoint ſome lord or knight at leaſt to that place.

Bourne Why maſter Murley, you ſhall be a Knight:
Were you not in election to be ſhrieue?
Haue ye not paſt all offices but that?
Haue ye not wealth to make your wife a lady?
I warrant you, my lord, our Generall
Beſtowes that honor on you at firſt ſight.

Murley Mary God dild ye daintie my deare:
But tell me, who ſhalbe our Generall?
Wheres the lord Cobham, ſir Iohn Old-caſtle,
That noble almeſ-giuer, houſekeeper, vertuous,
Religious gentleman? Come to me there boies,
Come to me there.

Acton Why who but he ſhall be our Generall?

Murley And ſhall he knight me, and make me colonell?

Acton My word for that, ſir William Murley knight.

Murley Fellow ſir Roger Acton knight, all fellowes, I meane in armes, how ſtrong are we? how many partners? our enemies beſide the King are mightie, be it more or leſſe vpon occaſion, reckon our force.

Acton There are of vs, our friends, and followers,
Three thouſand and three hundred at the leaſt,
Of northerne lads foure thouſand, beſide horſe,

From

From Kent there comes with ſir Iohn Old-caſtle
Seauen thouſand, then from London iſſue out,
Of maiſters, ſeruants, ſtrangers, prentices
Fortie odde thouſands into Ficket field,
Where we appoynt our ſpeciall randeuous.

Murley Fue paltry paltry, in and out, to and fro, Lord haue mercie vpon vs, what a world is this, wheres that Ficket fielde, ſir Roger?

Acton Behinde ſaint Giles in the field neere Holborne.

Murley Newgate, vp Holborne, S. Giles in the field, and to Tiborne, an old ſaw: for the day, for the day?

Acton On friday next the foureteenth day of Ianuary.

Murley Tyllie vallie, truſt me neuer if I haue any liking of that day: fue paltry paltry, friday quoth a, diſmall day, Childermaſſe day this yeare was friday.

Beuerley Nay maiſter Murley, if you obſerue ſuch daies,
We make ſome queſtion of your conſtancie,
All daies are like to men reſolu'de in right.

Murley Say Amen, and ſay no more, but ſay, and hold maſter Beuerley, friday next, and Ficket field, and William Murley, and his merry men ſhalbe al one, I haue halfe a ſcore iades that draw my beere cartes, and euery iade ſhall beare a knaue, and euery knaue ſhall weare a iacke, and euery iacke ſhal haue a ſcull, and euery ſcull ſhal ſhew a ſpeare, and euery ſpeare ſhal kill a foe at Ficket field, at Ficket field, Iohn and Tom, and Dicke and Hodge, and Rafe and Robin, William & George, and all my knaues ſhall fight like men, at Ficket field on friday next.

Bourne What ſumme of money meane you to diſburſe?

Murley It may be modeſtly, decently, ſoberly, and handſomely I may bring fiue hundreth pound.

Acton Fiue hundreth man? fiue thouſand's not enough,
A hundreth thouſand will not pay our men
Two months together, either come preparde
Like a braue Knight, and martiall Colonell,
In glittering golde, and gallant furniture,

Bringing in coyne, a cart loade at the leaſt,
And all your followers mounted on good horſe,
Or neuer come diſgracefull to vs all.
Beuerley Perchance you may be choſen Treaſurer,
Tenne thouſand pound's the leaſt that you can bring.
Murley Paltry paltry, in and out, to and fro, vpon occaſion I haue ten thouſand pound to ſpend, and tenne too. And rather than the Biſhop ſhall haue his will of mee for my conſcience, it ſhall out all. Flame and flaxe, flame and flaxe, it was gotte with water and mault, and it ſhal flie with fire and gunne powder. Sir Roger, a cart loade of mony til the axetree cracke, my ſelfe and my men in Ficket field on friday next : remember my Knighthoode, and my place : there's my hand Ile bee there. *Exit.*
Acton See what Ambition may perſwade men to,
In hope of honor he will ſpend himſelfe.
Bourne I neuer thought a Brewer halfe ſo rich.
Beuerley Was neuer bankerout Brewer yet but one,
With vſing too much mault, too little water.
Acton Thats no fault in Brewers now-adayes:
Come, away about our buſineſſe. *exeunt.*

Act II sc. iii *Enter K. Harry, Suffolke, Butler, and Old-caſtle kneeling to the King.*

Harry Tis not enough Lord Cobham to ſubmit,
You muſt forſake your groſſe opinion,
The Biſhops find themſelues much iniured,
And though for ſome good ſeruice you haue done,
We for our part are pleaſde to pardon you,
Yet they will not ſo ſoone be ſatisfied,
Cobham My gracious Lord vnto your Maieſtie,
Next vnto my God, I owe my life,
And what is mine, either by natures gift,
Or fortunes bountie, al is at your ſeruice,
But for obedience to the Pope of Rome,
I owe him none, nor ſhall his ſhaueling prieſts
That are in England, alter my beliefe,

If out of holy Scripture they can proue,
That I am in an errour, I will yeeld,
And gladly take inſtruction at their hands,
But otherwiſe, I do beſeech your grace,
My conſcience may not be incroacht vpon.
Har. We would be loath to preſſe our ſubiects bodies,
Much leſſe their ſoules, the deere redeemed part,
Of him that is the ruler of vs all,
Yet let me counſell ye, that might command,
Do not preſume to tempt them with ill words,
Nor ſuffer any meetings to be had
Within your houſe, but to the vttermoſt,
Diſperſe the flockes of this new gathering ſect.
Cobham My liege, if any breathe, that dares come forth,
And ſay, my life in any of theſe points
Deſerues th'attaindor of ignoble thoughts
Here ſtand I, crauing no remorce at all,
But euen the vtmoſt rigor may be ſhowne.
Har. Let it ſuffice we know your loyaltie,
What haue you there?
Cob. A deed of clemencie,
Your Highneſſe pardon for Lord Poweſſe life,
Which I did beg, and you my noble Lord,
Of gracious fauour did vouchſafe to grant.
Har. But yet it is not ſigned with our hand.
Cob. Not yet my Liege. *one ready with pen*
Har. The fact, you ſay, was done, *and incke.*
Not of prepenſed malice, but by chance.
Cob. Vpon mine honor ſo, no otherwiſe.
Har. There is his pardon, bid him make amends, *writes.*
And cleanſe his ſoule to God for his offence,
What we remit, is but the bodies ſcourge, *Enter Biſhop.*
How now Lord Biſhop?
Biſhop Iuſtice dread Soueraigne.
As thou art King, ſo graunt I may haue iuſtice.
Har. What meanes this exclamation, let vs know?

Biſh. Ah my good Lord, the ſtate's abuſde,
And our decrees moſt ſhamefully prophande.
Har. How, or by whom?
Biſh. Euen by this heretike,
This Iew, this Traitor to your maieſtie.
Cob. Prelate, thou lieſt, euen in thy greaſie maw,
Or whoſoeuer twits me with the name,
Of either traitor, or of heretike.
Har. Forbeare I ſay, and Biſhop, ſhew the cauſe
From whence this late abuſe hath bin deriu'de,
Biſh. Thus mightie King, by generall conſent,
A meſſenger was ſent to cite this Lord,
To make appearance in the conſiſtorie,
And comming to his houſe, a ruffian ſlaue,
One of his daily followers, met the man,
Who knowing him to be a parator,
Aſſaults him firſt, and after in contempt
Of vs, and our proceedings, makes him eate
The written proceſſe, parchment, ſeale and all:
Whereby his maiſter neither was brought forth,
Nor we but ſcornd, for our authoritie.
Har. When was this done?
Biſh. At ſixe a clocke this morning.
Har. And when came you to court?
Cob. Laſt night my Lord.
Har. By this it ſeemes, he is not guilty of it,
And you haue done him wrong t'accuſe him ſo.
Biſh. But it was done my lord by his appointment,
Or elſe his man durſt ne're haue bin ſo bold.
Har. Or elſe you durſt be bold, to interrupt,
And fill our eares with friuolous complaints,
Is this the duetie you do beare to vs?
Was't not ſufficient we did paſſe our word
To ſend for him, but you miſdoubting it,
Or which is worſe, intending to foreſtall
Our regall power, muſt likewiſe ſummon him?

This ſauours of Ambition, not of zeale,
And rather proues, you malice his eſtate,
Than any way that he offends the law.
Go to, we like it not, and he your officer,
That was imployde ſo much amiſſe herein,
Had his deſert for being inſolent: *Enter Huntington*
So Cobham when you pleaſe you may depart.
Cob. I humbly bid farewell vnto my liege. *Exit*
Har. Farewell, what's the newes by Huntington?
Hunt. Sir Roger Acton, and a crue, my Lord,
Of bold ſeditious rebels, are in Armes,
Intending reformation of Religion.
And with their Army they intend to pitch,
In Ficket field, vnleſſe they be repulſt.
Har. So nere our preſence? dare they be ſo bold?
And will prowd warre, and eager thirſt of bloud,
Whom we had thought to entertaine farre off,
Preſſe forth vpon vs in our natiue boundes?
Muſt wee be forc't to hanſell our ſharp blades
In England here, which we prepar'd for France?
Well, a Gods name be it, what's their number? ſay,
Or who's the chiefe commander of this rowt?
Hunt. Their number is not knowne, as yet (my Lord)
But tis reported Sir Iohn Old-caſtle
Is the chiefe man, on whom they do depend.
Har. How, the Lord Cobham?
Hunt. Yes my gracious Lord.
Biſh. I could haue told your maieſtie as much
Before he went, but that I ſaw your Grace
Was too much blinded by his flaterie.
Suf. Send poaſt my Lord to fetch him backe againe.
But. Traitor vnto his country, how he ſmooth'de,
And ſeemde as innocent as Truth it ſelfe?
Har. I cannot thinke it yet, he would be falſe,
But if he be, no matter let him go,
Weele meet both him and them vnto their wo.

Biſhop

Biſh. This falls out well, and at the laſt I hope *Exeunt*
To ſee this heretike die in a rope.

Act III sc. i *Enter Earle of Cambridge, Lord Scroope, Gray, and Chartres the French factor.*

Scroop. Once more my Lord of Cambridge make reherſal,
How you do ſtand intiteled to the Crowne,
The deeper ſhall we print it in our mindes,
And euery man the better be reſolu'de,
When he perceiues his quarrell to be iuſt.
Cam. Then thus Lord Scroope, ſir Thomas Gray, & you
Mounſieur de Chartres, agent for the French,
This Lionell Duke of Clarence, as I ſaid,
Third ſonne of Edward (Englands King) the third
Had iſſue Phillip his ſole daughter and heyre,
Which Phillip afterward was giuen in marriage,
To Edmund Mortimer the Earle of March,
And by him had a ſon cald Roger Mortimer,
Which Roger likewiſe had of his diſcent,
Edmund, Roger, Anne, and Elianor,
Two daughters and two ſonnes, but thoſe three
Dide without iſſue, Anne that did ſuruiue,
And now was left her fathers onely heyre,
My fortune was to marry, being too
By my grandfather of King Edwardes line,
So of his ſirname, I am calde you know,
Richard Plantagenet, my father was,
Edward the Duke of Yorke, and ſon and heyre
To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's firſt ſonne.
Scroop So that it ſeemes your claime comes by your wife,
As lawfull heyre to Roger Mortimer,
The ſon of Edmund, which did marry Phillip
Daughter and heyre to Lyonell Duke of Clarence.
Cam. True, for this Harry, and his father both
Harry the firſt, as plainely doth appeare,
Are falſe intruders, and vſurp the Crowne,
For when yong Richard was at Pomfret ſlaine,

In

In him the title of prince Edward dide,
That was the eldeſt of king Edwards ſonnes:
William of Hatfield, and their ſecond brother,
Death in his nonage had before bereft:
So that my wife deriu'd from Lionell,
Third ſonne vnto king Edward, ought proceede,
And take poſſeſſion of the Diademe
Before this Harry, or his father king,
Who fetcht their title but from Lancaſter,
Forth of that royall line. And being thus,
What reaſon iſt but ſhe ſhould haue her right?
Scroope I am reſolu'de our enterpriſe is iuſt.
Gray Harry ſhall die, or elſe reſigne his crowne.
Chart. Performe but that, and Charles the king of France
Shall ayde you lordes, not onely with his men,
But ſend you money to maintaine your warres,
Fiue hundred thouſand crownes he bade me proffer,
If you can ſtop but Harries voyage for France.
Scrope We neuer had a fitter time than now
The realme in ſuch diuiſion as it is.
Camb. Beſides, you muſt perſwade ye there is due,
Vengeance for Richards murder, which although
It be deferrde, yet will it fall at laſt,
And now as likely as another time.
Sinne hath had many yeeres to ripen in,
And now the harueſt cannot be farre off,
Wherein the weedes of vſurpation,
Are to be cropt, and caſt into the fire.
Scroope No more earle Cambridge, here I plight my faith,
To ſet vp thee, and thy renowned wife.
Gray Gray will performe the ſame, as he is knight.
Chart. And to aſſiſt ye, as I ſaid before,
Charters doth gage the honor of his king.
Scroope We lacke but now Lord Cobhams fellowſhip,
And then our plot were abſolute indeede.
Camb. Doubt not of him, my lord, his life's purſu'de

By th'incenſed Cleargy, and of late,
Brought in diſpleaſure with the king, aſſures
He may be quickly wonne vnto our faction.
Who hath the articles were drawne at large
Of our whole purpoſe?
Gray That haue I my Lord.
Camb. We ſhould not now be farre off from his houſe,
Our ſerious conference hath beguild the way,
See where his caſtle ſtands, giue me the writing.
When we are come vnto the ſpeech of him,
Becauſe we will not ſtand to make recount,
Of that which hath beene ſaide, here he ſhall reade *enter Cob.*
Our mindes at large, and what we craue of him.
Scroope A ready way: here comes the man himſelfe
Booted and ſpurrd, it ſeemes he hath beene riding.
Camb. VVell met Lord Cobham.
Cobh. My lord of Cambridge?
Your honor is moſt welcome into Kent,
And all the reſt of this faire company.
I am new come from London, gentle Lordes:
But will ye not take Cowling for your hoſt,
And ſee what entertainement it affordes?
Camb. We were intended to haue beene your gueſts:
But now this lucky meeting ſhall ſuffiſe
To end our buſineſſe, and deferre that kindneſſe.
Cobh. Buſineſſe my lord? what buſineſſe ſhould you haue
But to be mery? we haue no delicates,
But this Ile promiſe you, a peece of veniſon,
A cup of wine, and ſo forth: hunters fare:
And if you pleaſe, weele ſtrike the ſtagge our ſelues
Shall fill our diſhes with his wel-fed fleſh.
Scroope That is indeede the thing we all deſire.
Cobh. My lordes, and you ſhall haue your choice with me.
Camb. Nay but the ſtagge which we deſire to ſtrike,
Liues not in Cowling: if you will conſent,
And goe with vs, weele bring you to a forreſt,

where

Where runnes a luſty hierd: amongſt the which
There is a ſtagge ſuperior to the reſt,
A ſtately beaſt, that when his fellows runne,
He leades the race, and beates the ſullen earth,
As though he ſcornd it with his trampling hoofes,
Aloft he beares his head, and with his breaſt,
Like a huge bulwarke counter-checkes the wind:
And when he ſtandeth ſtill, he ſtretcheth forth
His prowd ambitious necke, as if he meant
To wound the firmament with forked hornes.
Cobh. Tis pitty ſuch a goodly beaſt ſhould die.
Camb. Not ſo, ſir Iohn, for he is tyrannous,
And gores the other deere, and will not keep
Within the limites are appointed him.
Of late hees broke into a ſeueral,
Which doth belong to me, and there he ſpoiles
Both corne and paſture, two of his wilde race
Alike for ſtealth, and couetous incroatching,
Already are remou'd, if he were dead,
I ſhould not onely be ſecure from hurt,
But with his body make a royall feaſt.
Scroope How ſay you then, will you firſt hunt with vs?
Cobh. Faith Lords, I like the paſtime, where's the place?
Camb. Peruſe this writing, it will ſhew you all,
And what occaſion we haue for the ſport. *he reades*
Cobh. Call ye this hunting, my lords? Is this the ſtag
You faine would chaſe, Harry our dread king?
So we may make a banquet for the diuell,
And in the ſteede of wholeſome meate, prepare
A diſh of poiſon to confound our ſelues.
Camb. Why ſo lord Cobham? ſee you not our claime?
And how imperiouſly he holdes the crowne?
Scroope Beſides, you know your ſelfe is in diſgrace,
Held as a recreant, and purſude to death.
This will defend you from your enemies,
And ſtabliſh your religion through the land.

Cobh. Notorious treaſon! yet I will conceale *aſide*
My ſecret thoughts, to ſound the depth of it.
My lord of Cambridge, I doe ſee your claime,
And what good may redound vnto the land,
By proſecuting of this enterpriſe.
But where are men? where's power and furniture
To order ſuch an action? we are weake,
Harry, you know's a mighty potentate.
Camb. Tut, we are ſtrong enough, you are belou'de,
And many will be glad to follow you,
VVe are the light, and ſome will follow vs:
Beſides, there is hope from France: heres an embaſſador
That promiſeth both men and money too.
The commons likewiſe (as we heare) pretend
A ſodaine tumult, we wil ioyne with them.
Cobh. Some likelihoode, I muſt confeſſe, to ſpeede:
But how ſhall I beleeue this is plaine truth?
You are (my lords) ſuch men as liue in Court,
And highly haue beene fauour'd of the king,
Eſpecially lord Scroope, whome oftentimes
He maketh choice of for his bedfellow.
And you lord Gray are of his priuy councell:
Is not this a traine to intrappe my life?
Camb. Then periſh may my ſoule: what thinke youſo?
Scroope VVeele ſweare to you.
Gray Or take the ſacrament.
Cobh. Nay you are noble men, and I imagine,
As you are honorable by birth, and bloud,
So you will be in heart, in thought, in word.
I craue no other teſtimony but this.
That you would all ſubſcribe, and ſet your hands
Vnto this writing which you gaue to me.
Camb. VVith all our hearts: who hath any pen and inke?
Scroope My pocket ſhould haue one: yea, heere it is.
Camb. Giue it me lord Scroope: there is my name.
Scroope And there is my name.

Gray

Gray And mine.
Cobh. Sir, let me craue,
That you would likewiſe write your name with theirs,
For confirmation of your maiſters word,
The king of Fraunce.
Char. That will I noble Lord.
Cobh. So now this action is well knit together,
And I am for you: where's our meeting, lords?
Camb. Here if you pleaſe, the tenth of Iuly next.
Cobh. In Kent? agreed: now let vs in to ſupper,
I hope your honors will not away to night.
Camb. Yes preſently, for I haue farre to ride,
About ſolliciting of other friends.
Scroope And we would not be abſent frõm the court,
Leſt thereby grow ſuſpition in the king.
Cobh. Yet taſte a cup of wine before ye go.
Camb. Not now my lord, we thanke you: ſo farewell.
Cob. Farewell my noble lordes: my noble lords?
My noble villaines, baſe conſpirators,
How can they looke his Highneſſe in the face,
Whome they ſo cloſly ſtudy to betray?
But ile not ſleepe vntill I make it knowne.
This head ſhall not be burdned with ſuch thoughts,
Nor in this heart will I conceale a deede
Of ſuch impietie againſt my king.
Madam, how now? *Enter Harpoole and the reſt.*
Lady cobh. You are welcome home, my Lord,
Why ſeeme ye ſo diſquiet in your lookes?
What hath befalne you that diſquiets your minde?
Lady Po. Bad newes I am afraide touching my husband.
Cobh. Madam, not ſo: there is your husbands pardon,
Long may ye liue, each ioy vnto the other.
Poweſſe So great a kindneſſe as I knowe not howe to make reply, my ſenſe is quite confounded.
Cobh. Let that alone: and madam ſtay me not,
For I muſt backe vnto the court againe

With all the ſpeede I can: Harpoole, my horſe.
Lady Cob. So ſoone my Lord? what will you ride all night?
Cobham All night or day, it muſt be ſo, ſweete wife,
Vrge me not why, or what my buſineſſe is,
But get you in: Lord Poweſſe, beare with me,
And madam, thinke your welcome nere the worſe:
My houſe is at your vſe. Harpoole, away.
Harp. Shall I attend your lordſhip to the court?
Cobh. Yea ſir, your gelding, mount you preſently *exe.*
Lady Cobh. I prythee Harpoole, looke vnto thy Lord,
I do not like this ſodaine poſting backe.
Powes Some earneſt buſineſſe is a foote belike,
What e're it be, pray God be his good guide.
Lady Po. Amen that hath ſo highly vs beſted.
Lady Co. Come madam, and my lord, weele hope the beſt,
You ſhall not into Wales till he returne.
Poweſſe Though great occaſion be we ſhould departe, yet madam will we ſtay to be reſolude, of this vnlookt for doubtful accident. *Exeunt.*

Act III sc. ii *Enter Murley and his men, prepared in ſome filthy order for warre.*
Murly. Come my hearts of flint, modeſtly, decently, ſoberly, and handſomly, no man afore his Leader, follow your maſter, your Captaine, your Knight that ſhal be, for the honor of Meale-men, Millers, and Mault-men, dunne is the mowſe, Dicke and Tom for the credite of Dunſtable, ding downe the enemie to morrow, ye ſhall not come into the field like beggars, where be Leonard and Laurence my two loaders, Lord haue mercie vpon vs, what a world is this? I would giue a couple of ſhillings for a dozen of good fethers for ye, and forty pence for as many skarffes to ſet ye out withall, froſt and ſnow, a man has no heart to fight till he be braue.
Dicke Maſter I hope we be no babes, for our manhood, our bucklers, and our towne foote-balls can beare witneſſe: and this lite parrell we haue ſhall off, and wee'l fight naked afore we runne away.
Tom. Nay, I am of Laurence mind for that, for he meanes

to

to leaue his life behind him, he and Leonard your two loaders are making their wills becauſe they haue wiues, now we Bachellers bid our friends ſcramble for our goods if we die: but maſter, pray ye let me ride vpon Cutte.

Murly Meale and ſalt, wheat and mault, fire and tow, froſt and ſnow, why Tom thou ſhalt: let me ſee, here are you, William and George are with my cart, and Robin and Hodge holding my owne two horſes, proper men, handſom men, tall men, true men.

Dicke But maſter, maſter, me thinkes you are a mad man, to hazard your owne perſon and a cart load of money too.

Tom. Yea, and maiſter theres a worſe matter in't, if it be as I heard ſay, we go to fight againſt all the learned Biſhops, that ſhould giue vs their bleſſing, and if they curſe vs, we ſhall ſpeede nere the better.

Dicke Nay bir lady, ſome ſay the King takes their part, and maſter, dare you fight againſt the King?

Murly Fie paltry, paltry in and out, to and fro vpon occaſion, if the King be ſo vnwiſe to come there, weele fight with him too.

Tom. What if ye ſhould kill the King?

Mur. Then weele make another.

Dicke Is that all, do ye not ſpeake treaſon?

Mur. If we do, who dare trippe vs? we come to fight for our conſcience, and for honor, little know you what is in my boſome, looke here madde knaues, a paire of guilt ſpurres.

Tom. A paire of golden ſpurres? why do you not put them on your heeles? your boſome's no place for ſpurres.

Mur. Bee't more or leſſe vpon occaſion, Lord haue mercy vs, Tom th'art a foole, and thou ſpeakeſt treaſon to knighthood, dare any weare golden or ſiluer ſpurs til he be a knight? no, I ſhall be knighted to morrow, and then they ſhall on: ſirs, was it euer read in the church booke of Dunſtable, that euer mault man was made knight?

Tom. No, but you are more, you are meal-man, maultman, miller, corne-maſter and all.

Dicke

Dicke Yea, and halfe a brewer too, and the diuell and all for wealth, you bring more money with you, than all the reſt.

Mur. The more's my honor, I ſhal be a knight to morow, let me ſpoſe my men, Tom vpon cutte, Dicke vpon hobbe, Hodge vpon Ball, Raph vpon Sorell, and Robin vpon the forehorſe.

Enter Acton, Bourne, and Beuerley.

Tom. Stand, who comes there?

Act. Al friends, good fellow.

Murl. Friends and fellowes indeede ſir Roger.

Act. Why thus you ſhew your ſelfe a Gentleman,
To keepe your day, and come ſo well preparde,
Your cart ſtands yonder, guarded by your men,
Who tell me it is loaden well with coine,
What ſumme is there?

Mur. Ten thouſand pound ſir Roger, and modeſtly, decently, ſoberly, and handſomely, ſee what I haue here againſt I be knighted.

Act. Gilt ſpurs? tis well.

Mur. But where's our armie ſir?

Act. Diſperſt in ſundry villages about,
Some here with vs in Hygate, ſome at Finchley,
Totnam, Enfield, Edmunton, Newington,
Iſlington, Hogſdon, Pancredge, Kenzington,
Some neerer Thames, Ratcliffe, Blackwall and Bow,
But our chiefe ſtrength muſt be the Londoners,
Which ere the Sunne to morrow ſhine,
Will be nere fiftie thouſand in the field.

Mur. Mary God dild ye daintie my deere, but vpon occaſion ſir Roger Acton, doth not the King know of it, and gather his power againſt vs.

Act. No, hee's ſecure at Eltham.

Mur. What do the Cleargie?

Act. Feare extreamly, yet prepare no force.

Mur. In and out, to and fro, Bullie my boikin, we ſhall carry

carry the world afore vs, I vow by my worſhippe, when I am knighted, weele take the King napping, if he ſtand on their part.

Act. This night we few in Higate will repoſe,
With the firſt cocke weele riſe and arme our ſelues,
To be in Ficket fielde by breake of day,
And there expect our Generall.

Mur. Sir Iohn Old-caſtle, what if he come not? 1290

Bourne Yet our action ſtands,
Sir Roger Acton may ſupply his place.

Mur. True M. Bourne, but who ſhall make me knight?

Beuer. He that hath power to be our Generall.

Act. Talke not of trifles, come let's away,
Our friends of London long till it be day. *exeunt.*

Enter ſir Iohn of Wrootham and Doll. *Act III*

Doll. By my troth, thou art as ielous a man as liues. *ſc. iii*

Priest Canſt thou blame me Doll, thou art my lands, my goods, my iewels, my wealth, my purſe, none walks within xl. 1300 miles of London, but a plies thee as truely, as the pariſh does the poore mans boxe.

Doll I am as true to thee, as the ſtone is in the wal, and thou knoweſt well enough ſir Iohn, I was in as good doing, when I came to thee, as any wench neede to be: and therefore thou haſt tried me, that thou haſt: by Gods body, I wil not be kept as I haue bin, that I will not.

Prieſt Doll, if this blade holde, theres not a pedler walkes with a pack, but thou ſhalt as boldly chuſe of his wares, as with thy ready mony in a Marchants ſhop, weele haue as good ſil- 1310 uer as the King coynes any.

Doll What is al the gold ſpent you tooke the laſt day from the Courtier?

Prieſt Tis gone Doll, tis flown, merely come, merely gon, he comes a horſe backe that muſt pay for all, weele haue as good meate, as mony can get, and as good gownes, as can be bought for gold, be mery wench, the mault-man comes on munday.

Doll You might haue left me at Cobham, vntil you had bin better prouided for.

Prieſt. No ſweet Dol, no, I do not like that, yond old ruffian is not for the prieſt, I do not like a new cleark ſhould come in the old bel-frie.

Doll Ah thou art a mad prieſt yfaith.

Prieſt Come Doll, Ile ſee thee ſafe at ſome alehouſe here at Cray, and the next ſheepe that comes ſhall leaue his fleece. *exeunt.*

Act III *Enter the King, Suffolke and Butler.*

sc. iv *King in great haſt.* My lord of Suffolk, poſte away for life,
And let our forces of ſuch horſe and foote,
As can be gathered vp by any meanes,
Make ſpeedy randeuow in Tuttle fields,
It muſt be done this euening my Lord,
This night the rebells meane to draw to head
Neere Iſlington, which if your ſpeede preuent not,
If once they ſhould vnite their ſeuerall forces,
Their power is almoſt thought inuincible,
Away my Lord I will be with you ſoone.

Suf. I go my Soueraigne with all happie ſpeede. *exit*

King Make haſte my lord of Suffolke as you loue vs,
Butler, poſte you to London with all ſpeede.
Commaund the Maior, and ſhrieues, on their alegiance,
The cittie gates be preſently ſhut vp,
And guarded with a ſtrong ſufficient watch,
And not a man be ſuffered to paſſe,
Without a ſpeciall warrant from our ſelfe.
Command the Poſterne by the Tower be kept,
And proclamation on the paine of death,
That not a citizen ſtirre from his doores,
Except ſuch as the Maior and Shrieues ſhall chuſe,
For their owne guarde, and ſafety of their perſons,
Butler away, haue care vnto my charge.

But. I goe my Soueraigne.

King Butler.

But.

But. My Lord.

King Goe downe by Greenewich, and command a boate,
At the Friers bridge attend my comming downe.

But. I will my Lord. *exit*

King It's time I thinke to looke vnto rebellion,
When Acton doth expect vnto his ayd,
No leſſe than fiftie thouſand Londoners,
Well, Ile to Weſtminſter in this diſguiſe,
To heare what newes is ſtirring in theſe brawles.

Enter ſir Iohn.

Sir Iohn Stand true-man ſaies a thiefe.

King Stand thiefe, ſaies a true man, how if a thiefe?

Sir Iohn Stand thiefe too.

King Then thiefe or true-man I ſee I muſt ſtand, I ſee how ſoeuer the world wagges, the trade of theeuing yet will neuer downe, what art thou?

ſir Iohn A good fellow.

King So am I too, I ſee thou doſt know me.

ſir Iohn. If thou be a good fellow, play the good fellowes part, deliuer thy purſe without more adoe.

King I haue no mony.

ſir Iohn I muſt make you find ſome before we part, if you haue no mony, you ſhal haue ware, as many ſound drie blows as your skin can carrie.

King Is that the plaine truth?

ſir Iohn Sirra no more adoe, come, come, giue me the mony you haue, diſpatch, I cannot ſtand all day.

King Wel, if thou wilt needs haue it, there tis: iuſt the prouerb, one thiefe robs another, where the diuel are all my old theeues, that were wont to keepe this walke? Falſtaffe the villaine is ſo fat, he cannot get on's horſe, but me thinkes Poines and Peto ſhould be ſtirring here abouts.

ſir Iohn How much is there on't of thy word?

King A hundred pound in Angels, on my word,
The time has beene I would haue done as much
For thee, if thou hadſt paſt this way, as I haue now.

ſir. Iohn Sirra, what art thou, thou ſeem'ſt a gentleman?

King I am no leſſe, yet a poore one now, for thou haſt all my mony.

ſir Iohn From whence cam'ſt thou?

King From the court at Eltham.

ſir Iohn Art thou one of the Kings ſeruants?

King Yes that I am, and one of his chamber.

ſir Iohn I am glad thou art no worſe, thou maiſt the better ſpare thy mony, & thinkſt thou thou mightſt get a poor thiefe his pardon if he ſhould haue neede.

King. Yes that I can.

ſir Iohn Wilt thou do ſo much for me, when I ſhall haue occaſion?

King Yes faith will I, ſo it be for nó murther.

ſir Iohn Nay, I am a pittifull thiefe, all the hurt I do a man, I take but his purſe, Ile kill no man.

King Then of my word Ile do it.

ſir Iohn Giue me thy hand of the ſame.

King There tis.

ſir Iohn Me thinks the King ſhould be good to theeues, becauſe he has bin a thiefe himſelfe, though I thinke now he be turned true-man.

King Faith I haue heard indeed he has had an il name that way in his youth, but how canſt thou tell he has beene a thiefe?

ſir Iohn How? becauſe he once robde me before I fell to the trade my ſelfe, when that foule villainons guts, that led him to all that rogery, was in's company there, that Falſtaffe.

King aſide. Well if he did rob thee then, thou art but euen with him now Ile be ſworne: thou knoweſt not the king now, I thinke, if thou ſaweſt him?

ſir Iohn Not I yfaith.

King aſide. So it ſhould ſeeme.

ſir Iohn Well, if old King Henry had liu'de, this King that is now, had made theeuing the beſt trade in England.

King

King Why ſo?

ſir Iohn Becauſe he was the chiefe warden of our company, it's pittie that ere he ſhould haue bin a King, he was ſo braue a thiefe, but ſirra, wilt remember my pardon if neede be?

King Yes faith will I.

ſir Iohn Wilt thou? well then becauſe thou ſhalt go ſafe, for thou mayeſt hap (being ſo earely) be met with againe, before thou come to Southwarke, if any man when he ſhould bid thee good morrow, bid thee ſtand, ſay thou but ſir Iohn, and hewill let thee paſſe.

King Is that the word? well then let me alone.

ſir Iohn Nay ſirra, becauſe I thinke indeede I ſhall haue ſome occaſion to vſe thee, & as thou comſt oft this way, I may light on thee another time not knowing thee, here, ile breake this Angell, take thou halfe of it, this is a token betwixt thee and me.

King. God haue mercy, farewell. *exit*

ſir Iohn O my fine golden ſlaues, heres for thee wench yfaith, now Dol, we wil reuel in our beuer, this is a tyth pigge of my vicaridge, God haue mercy neigbour Shooters hill, you paid your tyth honeſtly. Wel I heare there is a company of rebelles vp againſt the King, got together in Ficket field neere Holborne, and as it is thought here in Kent, the King will be there to night in's owne perſon, well ile to the Kings camp, and it ſhall go hard, but if there be any doings, Ile make ſome good boote amongſt them. *exit.*

Enter King Henry, Suffolke, Huntington, and two with lights. *Act IV sc. i*

K. Hen. My Lords of Suffolke and of Huntington,
Who skouts it now? or who ſtands Sentinells?
What men of worth? what Lords do walke the round?

Suff. May it pleaſe your Highneſſe.

K. Hen. Peace, no more of that,
The King's aſleepe, wake not his maieſtie,

With termes nor titles, hee's at reſt in bed,
Kings do not vſe to watch themſelues, they ſleepe,
And let rebellion and conſpiracie,
Reuel and hauocke in the common wealth,
Is London lookt vnto?
Hunt. It is my Lord,
Your noble Vncle Exceter is there,
Your brother Glouceſter and my Lord of Warwicke,
Who with the maior and the Aldermen,
Do guard the gates, and keepe good rule within,
The Earle of Cambridge, and ſir Thomas Gray,
Do walke the Round, Lord Scroope and Butler skout,
So though it pleaſe your maieſtie to ieſt,
Were you in bed, well might you take your reſt,
K. Hen. I thank ye Lords, but you do know of old,
That I haue bin a perfect night-walker,
London you ſay is ſafely lookt vnto,
Alas poore rebels, there your ayd muſt faile,
And the Lord Cobham ſir Iohn Old-caſtle,
Hee's quiet in Kent, Acton ye are deceiu'd,
Reckon againe, you count without your hoſt,
To morrow you ſhall giue account to vs,
Til when my friends, this long cold winters night,
How can we ſpend? King Harry is a ſleepe,
And al his Lords, theſe garments tel vs ſo,
Al friends at footebal, fellowes all in field,
Harry, and Dicke, and George, bring vs a drumme,
Giue vs ſquare dice, weele keepe this court of guard,
For al good fellowes companies that come.
Wheres that mad prieſt ye told me was in Armes,
To fight, as wel as pray, if neede required?
Suff. Hees in the Camp, and if he knew of this,
I vndertake he would not be long hence.
Har. Trippe Dicke, Trippe George. *they trippe.*
Hunt. I muſt haue the dice,
What do we play at? *the play at dice.*

Suff.

Suff. Paſſage if ye pleaſe.
Hunt. Set round then, ſo, at all.
Har. George, you are out.
Giue me the dice, I paſſe for twentie pound,
Heres to our luckie paſſage into France.
Hunt. Harry you paſſe indeede for you ſweepe all.
Suff. A ſigne king Harry ſhal ſweep al in France. *ent. ſir Iohn*
ſir Iohn Edge ye good fellowes, take a freſh gamſter in.
Har. Maſter Parſon? we play nothing but gold?
ſir Iohn. And fellow, I tel thee that the prieſt hath gold, gold? sbloud ye are but beggerly ſouldiers to me, I thinke I haue more gold than all you three.
Hunt. It may be ſo, but we beleeue it not.
Har. Set prieſt ſet, I paſſe for all that gold.
ſir Iohn Ye paſſe indeede.
Harry Prieſt, haſt thou any more?
ſir Iohn Zounds what a queſtion's that?
I tell thee I haue more then all you three,
At theſe ten Angells.
Harry. I wonder how thou comſt by all this gold,
How many benefices haſt thou prieſt?
ſir Iohn Yfaith but one, doſt wonder how I come by gold?
I wonder rather how poore ſouldiers ſhould haue gold, for Ile tell thee good fellow, we haue euery day tythes, offerings, chriſtnings, weddings, burialls: and you poore ſnakes come ſeldome to a bootie. Ile ſpeake a prowd word, I haue but one parſonage, Wrootham, tis better than the Biſhopprick of Rocheſter, theres nere a hill, heath, nor downe in all Kent, but tis in my pariſh, Barrham downe, Chobham downe, Gads hill, Wrootham hill, Blacke heath, Cockes heath, Birchen wood, all pay me tythe, gold quoth a? ye paſſe not for that.
Suff. Harry ye are out, now parſon ſhake the dice.
ſir Iohn. Set, ſet Ile couer ye, at al: A plague on't I am out, the diuell, and dice, and a wench, who will truſt them?
Suff. Saiſt thou ſo prieſt? ſet faire, at all for once.
Har. Out ſir, pay all.

ſir Iohn

ſir Iohn Sbloud pay me angel gold,
Ile none of your crackt French crownes nor piſtolets,
Pay me faire angel gold, as I pay you.
Har. No crackt french crownes? I hope to ſee more crackt french crownes ere long.
ſir Iohn Thou meaneſt of French mens crownes, when the King is in France.
Hunt. Set round, at all.
ſir Ihon Pay all: this is ſome lucke.
Har. Giue me the dice, tis I muſt ſhread the prieſt:
At all ſir Iohn.
ſir Iohn The diuell and all is yours: at that: ſdeath, what caſting is this?
Suff. Well throwne Harry yfaith.
Har. Ile caſt better yet.
ſir Iohn Then Ile be hangd. Sirra, haſt thou not giuen thy ſoule to the diuell for caſting?
Har. I paſſe for all.
ſir Iohn Thou paſſeſt all that ere I playde withall:
Sirra, doſt thou not cogge, nor foiſt, nor ſlurre?
Har. Set parſon, ſet, the dice die in my hand:
When parſon, when? what can ye finde no more?
Alreadie drie? waſt you bragd of your ſtore?
ſir Ihon Alls gone but that.
Hunt. What, halfe a broken angell?
ſir Ihon Why ſir, tis gold.
Har. Yea, and Ile couer it.
ſir Ihon The diuell do ye good on't, I am blinde, yee haue blowne me vp.
Har. Nay tarry prieſt, ye ſhall not leaue vs yet,
Do not theſe peeces fit each other well?
ſir Ihon What if they do?
Har. Thereby beginnes a tale:
There was a thiefe, in face much like ſir Iohn,
But t'was not hee, that thiefe was all in greene,
Met me laſt day on Blacke Heath, neere the parke,

with

With him a woman, I was al alone,
And weaponleſſe, my boy had al my tooles,
And was before prouiding me a boate:
Short tale to make, ſir Iohn, the thiefe I meane,
Tooke a iuſt hundreth pound in gold from me.
I ſtorm'd at it, and ſwore to be reueng'de
If ere we met, he like a luſty thiefe,
Brake with his teeth this Angel iuſt in two,
To be a token at our meeting next,
Prouided, I ſhould charge no Officer
To apprehend him, but at weapons point
Recouer that, and what he had beſide.
Well met ſir Iohn, betake ye to your tooles
By torch light, for maſter parſon you are he
That had my gold.

ſir Iohn Zounds I won't in play, in faire ſquare play of the keeper of Eltham parke, and that I will maintaine with this poore whinyard, be you two honeſt men to ſtand and looke vpon's, and let's alone, and take neither part.

Har. Agreede, I charge ye do not boudge a foot,
Sir Iohn haue at ye.

ſir Iohn Souldier ware your skonce.

Here as they are ready to ſtrike, enter Butler and drawes his weapon and ſteps betwixt them.

But. Hold villaines hold, my Lords, what do ye meane,
To ſee a traitor draw againſt the King?

ſir Iohn The King! Gods wil, I am in a proper pickle.

Har. Butler what newes? why doſt thou trouble vs?

But. Pleaſe it your Highneſſe, it is breake of day,
And as I skouted neere to Iſlington,
The gray ey'd morning gaue me glimmering,
Of armed men comming downe Hygate hill,
Who by their courſe are coaſting hitherward.

Har. Let vs withdraw, my Lords, prepare our troopes,
To charge the rebels, if there be ſuch cauſe,
For this lewd prieſt this diuelliſh hypocrite,

That is a thiefe, a gamſter, and what not,
Let him be hang'd vp for example ſake.

ſir Iohn Not ſo my gracious ſoueraigne, I confeſſe I am a frayle man, fleſh and bloud as other are: but ſet my imperfecti-
1610 ons aſide, by this light ye haue not a taller man, nor a truer ſubiect to the Crowne and State, than ſir Iohn of VVrootham.

Har. Wil a true ſubiect robbe his King?

ſir Iohn Alas twas ignorance and want, my gracious liege.

Har. Twas want of grace: why, you ſhould be as ſalt
To ſeaſon others with good document,
Your liues as lampes to giue the people light,
As ſhepheards, not as wolues to ſpoile the flock,
Go hang hm Butler.

But. Didſt thou not rob me?

1620 *ſir Iohn* I muſt confeſſe I ſaw ſome of your gold, but my dread Lord, I am in no humor for death, therfore ſaue my life, God will that ſinners liue, do not you cauſe me die, once in their liues the beſt may goe aſtray, and if the world ſay true, your ſelfe (my liege) haue bin a thiefe.

Har. I confeſſe I haue,
But I repent and haue reclaimd my ſelfe.

ſir Iohn So will I do if you will giue me time.

Har. Wilt thou? my lords, will you be his ſuerties?

Hunt. That when he robs againe, he ſhall be hang'd.

1630 *ſir Iohn* I aske no more.

Har. And we will grant thee that,
Liue and repent, and proue an honeſt man,
Which when I heare, and ſafe returne from France,
Ile giue thee liuing, till when take thy gold,
But ſpend it better then at cards or wine,
For better vertues fit that coate of thine.

ſir Iohn *Viuat Rex & currat lex*, my liege, if ye haue cauſe of battell, ye ſhal ſee ſir Iohn of Wrootham beſtirre himſelf in your quarrel. *exeunt.*

Act IV ſc. ii *After an alarum enter Harry, Suffolk, Huntington, ſir Iohn, bringing forth Acton, Beuerly, and Murley priſoners.*

Har

Har. Bring in thoſe traitors, whoſe aſpiring minds,
Thought to haue triumpht in our ouerthrow,
But now ye ſee, baſe villaines, what ſucceſſe
Attends ill actions wrongfully attempted.
Sir Roger Acton, thou retainſt the name
Of knight, and ſhouldſt bemore diſcreetly temperd,
Than ioyne with peaſants, gentry is diuine,
But thou haſt made it more then popular.
Act. Pardon my Lord, my conſcience vrg'd me to it,
Har. Thy conſcience? then thy conſcience is corrupt,
For in thy conſcience thou art bound to vs,
And in thy conſcience thou ſhouldſt loue thy country,
Elſe what's the difference twixt a Chriſtian,
And the vnciuil manners of the Turke?
Beuer. We meant no hurt vnto your maieſty,
But reformation of Religion.
Har. Reforme Religion? was it that ye ſought?
I pray who gaue you that authority?
Belike then we do hold the ſcepter vp,
And ſit within the throne but for a cipher,
Time was, good ſubiects would make knowne their griefe,
And pray amendment, not inforce the ſame,
Vnleſſe their King were tyrant, which I hope
You cannot iuſtly ſay that Harry is,
What is that other?
Suff. A mault-man my Lord,
And dwelling in Dunſtable as he ſaies.
Har. Sirra what made you leaue your barly broth,
To come in armour thus againſt your King?
Mur. Fie paltry, paltry to and fro, in and out vpon occaſion, what a worlde's this? knight-hood (my liege) twas knighthood brought me hither, they told me I had wealth enough to make my wife a lady.
Har. And ſo you brought thoſe horſes which we ſaw,
Trapt all in coſtly furniture, and meant
To weare theſe ſpurs when you were knighted once.

Mur. In and out vpon occaſion I did.
Har. In and out vppon occaſion, therefore you ſhall be
hang'd, and in the ſted of wearing theſe ſpurres vpon your
heeles, about your necke they ſhall bewray your folly to the
world.
ſir Iohn In and out vpon ocaſion, that goes hard.
Mur Fie paltry paltry, to and fro, good my liege a pardon,
I am ſory for my fault.
Har. That comes too late: but tell me, went there none
Beſide ſir Roger Acton, vpon whom
You did depend to be your gouernour?
Mar. None none my Lord, but ſir Iohn Old-caſtle.
Har. Beares he part in this conſpiracie. *enter Biſhop*
Act. We lookt my Lord that he would meet vs here.
Har. But did he promiſe you that he would come.
Act. Such letters we receiued forth of Kent.
Biſh. Where is my Lord the King? health to your grace,
Examining my Lord ſome of theſe caitiue rebels,
It is a generall voyce amongſt them all,
That they had neuer come vnto this place,
But to haue met their valiant general,
The good Lord Cobham as they title him,
Whereby, my Lord, your grace may now perceiue,
His treaſon is apparant, which before
He ſought to colour by his flattery.
Har. Now by my roialtie I would haue ſworne,
But for his conſcience, which I beare withall,
There had not liude a more true hearted ſubiect.
Biſh. It is but counterfeit, my gracious lords,
And therefore may it pleaſe your maieſtie,
To ſet your hand vnto this precept here,
By which weel cauſe him forthwith to appeare,
And anſwer this by order of the law.
Har. Biſhop, not only that, but take commiſſion,
To ſearch, attach, impriſon, and condemne,
This moſt notorious traitor as you pleaſe.

Biſh.

Biſh. It ſhall be done, my Lord, without delay:
So now I hold Lord Cobham in my hand,
That which ſhall finiſh thy diſdained life.
Har. I thinke the yron age begins but now,
(Which learned poets haue ſo often taught)
Wherein there is no credit to be giuen,
To either wordes, or lookes, or ſolemne oathes,
For if there were, how often hath he ſworne,
How gently tun'de the muſicke of his tongue,
And with what amiable face beheld he me,
When all, God knowes, was but hypocriſie. *enter Cobham.*
Cob. Long life and proſperous raigne vnto my Lord.
Har. Ah villaine, canſt thou wiſh proſperitie,
Whoſe heart includeth naught but treacherie?
I do arreſt thee here my ſelfe, falſe knight,
Of treaſon capitall againſt the ſtate.
Cob. Of treaſon mightie prince, your grace miſtakes,
I hope it is but in the way of mirth.
Har. Thy necke ſhall feele it is in earneſt ſhortly,
Darſt thou intrude into our preſence, knowing
How haynouſly thou haſt offended vs?
But this is thy accuſtomed deceit,
Now thou perceiuſt thy purpoſe is in vaine,
With ſome excuſe or other thou wilt come,
To cleere thy ſelfe of this rebellion.
Cob. Rebellion good my Lord, I know of none.
Har. If you deny it, here is euidence,
See you theſe men, you neuer councelled,
Nor offerd them aſſiſtance in their warres.
Cob. Speake ſirs, not one but all, I craue no fauour,
Haue euer I beene conuerſant with you,
Or written letters to incourage you,
Or kindled but the leaſt or ſmalleſt part,
Of this your late vnnaturall rebellion?
Speake for I dare the vttermoſt you can.
Mur, In and out vpon occaſion I know you not.

Har. No, didſt not ſay that ſir Iohn Old-caſtle,
Was one with whom you purpoſde to haue met?
Mur. True, I did ſay ſo, but in what reſpect?
Becauſe I heard it was reported ſo.
Har. Was there no other argument but that?
Act. To cleere my conſcience ere I die my lord,
I muſt confeſſe, we haue no other ground
But only Rumor, to accuſe this lord,
Which now I ſee was merely fabulous.
Har. The more pernitious you to taint him then,
Whome you knew not was faulty yea or no.
Cobh. Let this my Lord, which I preſent your grace
Speake for my loyalty, reade theſe articles,
And then giue ſentence of my life or death.
Har. Earle Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray corrupted
With bribes from Charles of France, either to winne
My Crowne from me, or ſecretly contriue
My death by treaſon? Is this poſſible?
Cobh. There is the platforme, and their hands, my lord,
Each ſeuerally ſubſcribed to the ſame.
Har. Oh neuer heard of baſe ingratitude!
Euen thoſe I hugge within my boſome moſt,
Are readieſt euermore to ſting my heart.
Pardon me Cobham, I haue done thee wrong,
Heereafter I will liue to make amends.
Is then their time of meeting ſo neere hand?
Weele meete with them, but little for their eaſe,
If God permit: goe take theſe rebells hence,
Let them haue martiall law: but as for thee,
Friend to thy king and country, ſtill be free. *Exeunt.*
Murl. Be it more or leſſe, what a world is this?
Would I had continued ſtill of the order of knaues,
And neuer ſought knighthood, ſince it coſtes
So deere: ſir Roger, I may thanke you for all.
Acton Now tis too late to haue it remedied,
I prithee Murley doe not vrge me with it.

Hunt. Will you away, and make no more to do?
Murl. Fy paltry paltry, to and fro, as occaſion ſerues,
If you be ſo haſty take my place.
Hunt. No good ſir knight, you ſhall begin in your hand.
Murl. I could be glad to giue my betters place. *Exeunt.*

Enter Biſhop, lord Warden, Croamer the Shrieue, Lady Cob. and attendants. *Act IV ſc. iii*

Biſhop I tell ye Lady, its not poſſible
But you ſhould know where he conueies himſelfe,
And you haue hid him in ſome ſecret place.
Lady My Lord, beleeue me, as I haue a ſoule,
I know not where my lord my husband is.
Biſhop Go to, go to, ye are an heretike,
And will be forc'de by torture to confeſſe,
If faire meanes will not ſerue to make ye tell.
Lady My husband is a noble gentleman,
And neede not hide himſelfe for anie fact
That ere I heard of, therefore wrong him not.
Biſhop Your husband is a dangerous ſchiſmaticke,
Traitor to God, the King, and common wealth,
And thererefore maſter Croamer ſhrieue of Kent,
I charge you take her to your cuſtodie,
And ceaze the goods of Sir Iohn Old-caſtle
To the Kings vſe, let her go in no more,
To fetch ſo much as her apparell out,
There is your warrant from his maieſtie.
L. War. Good my Lord Biſhop pacifie your wrath
Againſt the Lady.
Biſh. Then let her confeſſe
Where Old-caſtle her husband is conceald.
L. War. I dare engage mine honor and my life,
Poore gentlewoman, ſhe is ignorant,
And innocent of all his practiſes,
If any euill by him be practiſed.
Biſh. If my Lord Warden? nay then I charge you,

That

That all the cinque Ports whereof you are chiefe,
Be laid forthwith, that he eſcape vs not,
Shew him his highneſſe warrant M. Shrieue.
L. War. I am ſorie for the noble gentleman, *Enter Old-ca-*
Biſh. Peace, he comes here, now do your office. *ſtle & Harp.*
Old-caſtle Harpoole what buſineſſe haue we here in hand?
VVhat makes the Biſhop and the Shiriffe here,
I feare my comming home is dangerous,
I would I had not made ſuch haſte to Cobham.
Harp. Be of good cheere my Lord, if they be foes weele ſcramble ſhrewdly with them, if they be friends they are welcome: one of them (my Lord Warden) is your friend, but me thinkes my ladie weepes, I like not that.
Croo. Sir Iohn Old-caſtle Lord Cobham, in the Kings maieſties name, I arreſt ye of high treaſon.
Oldca. Treaſon M. Croomes?
Harp. Treaſon M. Shrieue, ſbloud what treaſon?
Oldca. Harpoole I charge thee ſtirre not, but be quiet ſtill,
Do ye arreſt me M. Shrieue for treaſon?
Biſh. Yea of high treaſon, traitor, heretike.
Oldca. Defiance in his face that calls me ſo,
I am as true a loyall gentleman
Vnto his highneſſe, as my prowdeſt enemie,
The King ſhall witneſſe my late faithfull ſeruice,
For ſafety of his ſacred maieſtie.
Biſh. VVhat thou art, the kings hand ſhall teſtifie,
Shewt him Lord Warden.
Old. Ieſu defend me,
Is't poſſible your cunning could ſo temper
The princely diſpoſition of his mind,
To ſigne the damage of a royall ſubiect?
Well, the beſt is, it beares an antedate,
Procured by my abſence, and your malice,
But I, ſince that, haue ſhewd my ſelfe as true,
As any churchman that dare challenge me,
Let me be brought before his maieſtie,

If he acquite me not, then do your worſt.
Biſh. We are not bound to do kind offices
For any traitor, ſchiſmatike, nor heretike,
The kings hand is our warrant for our worke,
Who is departed on his way for France,
And at Southhampton doth repoſe this night.
Harp. O that it were the bleſſed will of God, that thou and I were within twenty mile of it, on Salisbury plaine! I would loſe my head if euer thou broughtſt thy head hither againe. *aſide.*
Oldca. My Lord Warden o'th cinque Ports, & my Lord of Rocheſter, ye are ioynt Commiſſioners, fauor me ſo much,
On my expence to bring me to the king.
Biſh. What, to Southhampton?
Oldca. Thither my god Lord,
And if he do not cleere me of al guilt,
And all ſuſpition of conſpiracie,
Pawning his princely warrant for my truth:
I aske no fauour, but extreameſt torture.
Bring me, or ſend me to him, good my Lord,
Good my Lord Warden, M Shrieue, entreate.
Here the Lord Warden, and Cromer vncouer to the Biſhop, and ſecretly whiſpers with him.
Come hither lady, nay, ſweet wife forbeare,
To heape one ſorrow on anothers necke,
Tis griefe enough falſly to be accuſde,
And not permitted to acquite my ſelfe,
Do not thou with thy kind reſpectiue teares,
Torment thy husbands heart that bleedes for thee,
But be of comfort, God hath help in ſtore,
For thoſe that put aſſured truſt in him.
Deere wife, if they commit me to the Tower,
Come vp to London to your ſiſters houſe:
That being neere me, you may comfort me.
One ſolace find I ſetled in my ſoule,
That I am free from treaſons very thought,

Only my conſcience for the Goſpels ſake,
Is cauſe of all the troubles I ſuſtaine.
Lady. O my deere Lord, what ſhall betide of vs?
You to the Tower, and I turnd out of doores,
Our ſubſtance ceaz'd vnto his highneſſe vſe,
Euen to the garments longing to our backes.
Harp. Patience good madame, things at worſt will mend,
And if they doe not, yet our liues may end.
Biſh. Vrge it no more, for if an Angell ſpake,
I ſweare by ſweet ſaint Peters bleſſed keyes,
Firſt goes he to the Tower, then to the ſtake.
Crom. But by your leaue, this warrant doth not ſtretch
To impriſon her.
Biſhop No, turne her out of doores, *L. Warden and*
Euen as ſhe is, and leade him to the Tower, *Oldcaſtle whiſper.*
With guard enough for feare of reſcuing.
Lady O God requite thee thou bloud-thirſty man.
Oldca. May it not be my Lord of Rocheſter?
Wherein haue I incurd your hate ſo farre,
That my appeale vnto the King's denide?
Biſh. No hate of mine, but power of holy church,
Forbids all fauor to falſe heretikes.
Oldca. Your priuate malice more than publike power,
Strikes moſt at me, but with my life it ends.
Harp. O that I had the Biſhop in that feare, *aſide*
That once I had his Sumner by our ſelues.
Crom. My Lord yet graunt one ſute vnto vs all,
That this ſame auncient ſeruing man may waite
Vpon my lord his maſter in the Tower.
Biſh. This old iniquitie, this heretike?
That in contempt of our church diſcipline,
Compeld my Sumner to deuoure his proceſſe!
Old Ruffian paſt-grace, vpſtart ſchiſmatike,
Had not the King prayd vs to pardon ye,
Ye had fryed for it, ye grizild heretike.
Harp. Sbloud my lord Biſhop, ye do me wrong, I am nei-
ther

ther heretike nor puritane, but of the old church, ile ſweare, drinke ale, kiſſe a wench, go to maſſe, eate fiſh all Lent, and faſt fridaies with cakes and wine, fruite and ſpicerie, ſhriue me of my old ſinnes afore Eaſter, and beginne new afore whitſontide.

Crom. A merie mad conceited knaue my lord.

Harp. That knaue was ſimply put vpon the Biſhop.

Biſh. VVel, God forgiue him and I pardon him.
Let him attend his maſter in the Tower,
For I in charity wiſh his ſoule no hurt.

Oldca. God bleſſe my ſoule from ſuch cold charitie,

Biſh. Too'th Tower with him, and when my leiſure ſerues,
I will examine him of Articles,
Looke my lord Warden as you haue in charge,
The Shriue performe his office.

L. Ward. Yes my lord. *Enter the Sumner with bookes.*

Biſh. VVhat bringſt thou there? what? bookes of hereſie.

Som. Yea my lord, heres not a latine booke,
No not ſo much as our ladies Pſalter,
Heres the Bible, the teſtament, the Pſalmes in meter,
The ſickemans ſalue, the treaſure of gladneſſe,
And al in Engliſh, not ſo much but the Almanack's Engliſh.

Biſh. Away with them, to'th fire with them Clun,
Now fie vpon theſe vpſtart heretikes,
Al Engliſh, burne them, burne them quickly Clun.

Harp. But doe not Sumner as youle anſwere it, for I haue there Engliſh bookes my lord, that ile not part with for your Biſhoppricke, Beuis of Hampton, Owleglaſſe, the Frier and the Boy, Ellen of Rumming, Robin hood, and other ſuch godly ſtories, which if ye burne, by this fleſh ile make ye drink their aſhes in S. Margets ale. *exeunt.*

Enter the Biſhop of Rocheſter with his men, in liuerie coates. *Act IV sc. iv*

1. *Ser.* Is it your honors pleaſure we ſhal ſtay,
Or come backe in the afternoone to fetch you.

Biſh. Now you haue brought me heere into the Tower,
You may go backe vnto the Porters Lodge,
And ſend for drinke or ſuch things as you want,
Where if I haue occaſion to imploy you,
Ile ſend ſome officer to cal you to me.
Into the cittie go not, I commaund you,
Perhaps I may haue preſent neede to vſe you.
2 We will attend your worſhip here without.
Biſh. Do ſo, I pray you.
3 Come, we may haue a quart of wine at the Roſe at Barking, I warrant you, and come backe an hower before he be ready to go.
1 We muſt hie vs then.
3 Let's away. *exeunt.*
Biſh. Ho, M. Lieftenant.
Lieften. Who calls there?
Biſh. A friend of yours.
Lieften. My lord of Rocheſter, your honor's welcome.
Biſh. Sir heres my warrant from the Counſell,
For conference with ſir Iohn Old-caſtle,
Vpon ſome matter of great conſequence.
Lieften. Ho, ſir Iohn.
Harp. Who calls there?
Lieften. Harpoole, tel Sir Iohn, that my lord of Rocheſter comes from the counſell to conferre with him.
Harp. I will ſir.
Lief. I thinke you may as ſafe without ſuſpition,
As any man in England as I heare,
For it was you moſt labor'd his commitment.
Biſh. I did ſir, and nothing repent it I aſſure you.
Enter ſir Iohn Old-caſtle.
M. Lieftenant I pray you giue vs leaue,
I muſt conferre here with ſir Iohn a little.
Lief. With all my heart my lord.
Harp aſide. My lord be rulde by me, take this occaſion while tis offered, and on my life your lordſhip ſhal eſcape.

Old-ca.

Old-ca. No more I ſay, peace leſt he ſhould ſuſpect it.

Biſh. Sir Iohn I am come vnto you from the lords of his highneſſe moſt honorable counſell, to know if yet you do recant your errors, conforming you vnto the holy church.

Old-ca. My lord of Rocheſter on good aduiſe,
I ſee my error, but yet vnderſtand me,
I meane not error in the faith I hold,
But error in ſubmitting to your pleaſure,
Therefore your lordſhip without more to do,
Muſt be a meanes to help me to eſcape.

Biſh. What meanes? thou heretike?
Darſt thou but lift thy hand againſt my calling?

ſir Iohn No not to hurt you for a thouſand pound,

Harp. Nothing but to borrow your vpper garments a little; not a word more, for if you do, you die: peace, for waking the children, there, put them on, diſpatch, my lord, the window that goes out into the leads, is ſure enough, I told you that before, there, make you ready, ile conuay him after, and bind him ſurely in the inner roome.

Old-ca. This is wel begun, God ſend vs happie ſpeed,
Hard ſhift you ſee men make in time of need: Harpoole.

Harp. Heere my Lord, come come away.

Enter ſeruing men againe. *Act IV ſc. v*

1 I maruell that my lord ſhould ſtay ſo long.

2 He hath ſent to ſeeke vs, I dare lay my life.

3 We come in good time, ſee where he is comming.

Harp. I beſeech you good my lord of Rocheſter, be fauorable to my lord and maiſter.

Old-ca. The inner roomes be very hot and cloſe,
I do not like this ayre here in the Tower.

Harp His caſe is hard my lord, you ſhall ſafely get out of the Tower, but I will downe vpon them, in which time get you away.

Old-ca. Fellow thou troubleſt me.

Harp. Heare me my Lord, hard vnder Iſlington wait you my comming, I will bring my Lady ready, with horſes

to conuay you hence.

Old-ca. Fellow, go back againe vnto thy Lord and counſell him.

Harp. Nay my good lord of Rocheſter, ile bring you to S. Albons through the woods, I warrant you.

Old-ca. Villaine away.

Harp. Nay ſince I am paſt the Towers libertie, thou part'ſt not ſo. *he drawes.*

Biſh. Clubbes, clubs, clubs.

1 Murther, murther murther.

2 Downe with him. *they fight.*

3 A villaine traitor.

Harp. You cowardly rogues. *ſir Iohn eſcapes.*

Enter Lieftenant and his men.

Lieft. Who is ſo bold as dare to draw a ſword,
So neare vnto the entrance of the Tower?

1 This ruffian ſeruant to ſir Iohn Old-caſtle was like to haue ſlaine my Lord.

Lieft. Lay hold on him.

Harp. Stand off if you loue your puddings.

Rocheſter calls within.

Roch within. Help, help, help, M. Lieftenant help.

Lief. Who's that within? ſome treaſon in the Tower vpon my life, looke in, who's that which calls? *enter Roch. bound.*

Lief. Without your cloke my lord of Rocheſter?

Harp. There, now it workes, then let me ſpeed, for now is the fitteſt time for me to ſcape away. *exit*

Lief. Why do you looke ſo ghaſtly and affrighted?

Roch. Old-caſtle that traitor and his man,
When you had left me to conferre with him,
Tooke, bound, and ſtript me, as you ſee,
And left me lying in his inner chamber,
And ſo departed, and I

Lief. And you! ne're ſay, that the Lord Cobhams man
Did here ſet vpon you like to murther you.

1 And ſo he did.

Roch.

Roch. It was vpon his maſter then he did,
That in the brawle the traitor might eſcape.
Lief. Where is this Harpoole?
2 Here he was euen now.
Lief. Where can you tell? they are both eſcap'd,
Since it ſo happens that he is eſcap'de,
I am glad you are a witneſſe of the ſame,
It might haue elſe beene laid vnto my charge,
That I had beene conſenting to the fact.
Roch. Come, ſearch ſhal be made for him with expedition, the hauens laid that he ſhall not eſcape, and hue and crie continue thorough England, to find this damned dangerous heretike. *exeunt.*

Enter Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, as in a chamber, and ſet downe at a table, conſulting about their treaſon: King Harry and Suffolke liſtning at the doore. *Act I ſc. i*

Camb. In mine opinion, Scroope hath well aduiſde,
Poiſon will be the only apteſt meane,
And fitteſt for our purpoſe to diſpatch him.
Gray But yet there may be doubt in their deliuery,
Harry is wiſe, therefore Earle of Cambridge,
I Iudge that way not ſo conuenient.
Scroop What thinke ye then of this? I am his bedfellow,
And vnſuſpected nightly ſleepe with him.
VVhat if I venture in thoſe ſilent houres,
VVhen ſleepe hath ſealed vp all mortall eies,
To murder him in bed? how like ye that?
Camb. Herein conſiſtes no ſafetie for your ſelfe,
And you diſcloſde, what ſhall become of vs?
But this day (as ye know) he will aboord,
The wind ſo faire, and ſet away for France,
If as he goes, or entring in the ſhip,
It might be done, then it were excellent,
Gray VVhy any of theſe, or if you will,
Ile cauſe a preſent ſitting of the Councell,
VVherein I will pretend ſome matter of ſuch weight,

As needes muſt haue his royall company,
And to diſpatch him in the Councell chamber.
Camb. Tuſh, yet I heare not any thing to purpoſe,
I wonder that lord Cobham ſtaies ſo long,
His counſell in this caſe would much auaile vs.
They riſe from the table, and the King ſteps in to them, with his Lordes.
Scroop What ſhal we riſe thus, and determine nothing?
Har. That were a ſhame indeede, no, ſit againe,
And you ſhall haue my counſell in this caſe,
If you can find no way to kill this King,
Then you ſhall ſee how I can further ye,
Scroopes way by poiſon was indifferent,
But yet being bed-fellow vnto the King,
And vnſuſpected ſleeping in his boſome,
In mine opinion, that's the likelier way,
For ſuch falſe friends are able to do much,
And ſilent night is Treaſon's fitteſt friend,
Now, Cambridge in his ſetting hence for France,
Or by the way, or as he goes aboord,
To do the deed, that was indifferent too,
Yet ſomewhat doubtful; might I ſpeake my mind,
For many reaſons needeleſſe now to vrge.
Mary Lord Gray came ſomething neare the point,
To haue the King at councell, and there murder him,
As Cæſar was amongſt his deareſt friends:
None like to that, if all were of his mind.
Tell me oh tel me, you bright honors ſtaines,
For which of all my kindneſſes to you,
Are ye become thus traitors to your king?
And France muſt haue the ſpoile of Harries life?
All. Oh pardon vs dread lord. *all kneeling.*
Har. How, pardon ye? that were a ſinne indeed,
Drag them to death, which iuſtly they deſerue, *they leade*
And France ſhall dearely buy this villany, *them away.*
So ſoone as we ſet footing on her breaſt,

God

God haue the praiſe for our deliuerance,
And next, our thankes (Lord Cobham) is to thee,
True perfect mirror of nobilitie. *exeunt.*

Enter the hoſte, ſir Iohn Old-caſtle, and Harpoole. *Act V*
Hoſte Sir, you are welcome to this houſe, to ſuch as heere is *sc. iv*
with all my heart, but by the maſſe I feare your lodging wilbe
the woorſt, I haue but two beds, and they are both in a cham-
ber, and the carier and his daughter lies in the one, and you and
your wife muſt lie in the other.
L. Cobh. In faith ſir, for my ſelfe I doe not greatly paſſe,
My wife is weary, and would be at reſt,
For we haue traueld very far to day,
We muſt be content with ſuch as you haue.
Hoſte But I cannot tell how to doe with your man.
Harpoole What, haſt thou neuer an empty roome in thy
houſe for me?
Hoſte Not a bedde by my troth: there came a poore Iriſh
man, and I lodgde him in the barne, where he has faire ſtraw,
though he haue nothing elſe.
Harp. Well mine hoſte, I pray thee helpe mee to a payre of
faire ſheetes, and Ile go lodge with him.
Hoſte By the maſſe that thou ſhalt, a good payre of hem-
pen ſheetes, were neuer laine in: Come. *exeunt.*

Enter Conſtable, Maior, and Watch. *Act V*
Maior What haue you ſearcht the towne? *sc. v*
Conſt. All the towne ſir, we haue not left a houſe vnſearcht
that vſes to lodge.
Maior Surely my lord of Rocheſter was then deceiude,
Or ill informde of ſir Iohn Old-caſtle,
Or if he came this way, hees paſt the towne,
He could not elſe haue ſcapt you in the ſearch.
Conſt. The priuy watch hath beene abroad all night,
And not a ſtranger lodgeth in the towne
But he is knowne, onely a luſty prieſt
VVe found in bed with a pretty wench,

That ſayes ſhe is his wife, yonder at the ſheeres:
But we haue chargde the hoſte with his forth comming
To morow morning.

Maior What thinke you beſt to do?

Conſt. Faith maiſter maior, heeres a few ſtragling houſes beyond the bridge, and a little Inne where cariers vſe to lodge, though I thinke ſurely he would nere lodge there: but weele go ſearch, & the rather, becauſe there came notice to the towne the laſt night of an Iriſh man, that had done a murder, whome we are to make ſearch for.

Maior Come I pray you, and be circumſpect. *exeunt*

Act V sc. vi *Conſt.* Firſt beſet the houſe, before you begin the ſearch.

Officer Content, euery man take a ſeuerall place.

heere is heard a great noyſe within.

Keepe, keepe, ſtrike him downe there, downe with him.

Enter Constable with the Iriſh man in Harpooles apparell.

Con. Come you villainous heretique, confeſſe where your maiſter is.

Iriſh man Vat meſter?

Maior Vat meſter, you counterfeit rebell, this ſhall not ſerue your turne.

Iriſh man Be ſent Patrike I ha no meſter.

Con. VVheres the lord Cobham ſir Iohn Old-caſtle that lately is eſcaped out of the Tower.

Iriſh man Vat lort Cobham?

Maior You counterfeit, this ſhal not ſerue you, weele torture you, weele make you to confeſſe where that arch-heretique Lord Cobham is: come binde him faſt.

Iriſh man Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree.

Con. Ahone, you crafty raſcall? *exeunt.*

Act V sc. vii *Lord Cobham comes out in his gowne ſtealing.*

Cobh. Harpoole, Harpoole, I heare a maruelous noyſe about the houſe, God warant vs, I feare wee are purſued: what Harpoole.

Harp. within. VVho calles there?

Cobh. Tis I, doſt thou not heare a noyſe about the houſe?

Harp.

Harp. Yes mary doe I, zwounds, I can not finde my hoſe, this Iriſh raſcall that was lodgde with me all night, hath ſtolne my apparell, and has left me nothing but a lowſie mantle, and a paire of broags. Get vp, get vp, and if the carier and his wench be aſleep, change you with them as he hath done with me, and ſee if we can eſcape.

A noyſe againe heard about the houſe, a pretty while, then enter the Constable meeting Harpoole in the Iriſh mans apparrell. *Act V sc. viii*

Con. Stand cloſe, heere comes the Iriſh man that didde the murther, by all tokens, this is he.

Maior And perceiuing the houſe beſet, would get away: ſtand ſirra.

Harp. What art thou that bidſt me ſtand?

Con. I am the Officer, and am come to ſearch for an Iriſh man, ſuch a villaine as thy ſelfe, that haſt murthered a man this laſt night by the hie way.

Harp. Sbloud Conſtable, art thou madde? am I an Iriſh man?

Maior Sirra, weele finde you an Iriſh man before we part: lay hold vpon him.

Con. Make him faſt: O thou bloudy rogue!

Enter Lord Cobham and his lady in the carrier and wenches apparrell.

Cobham What will theſe Oſtlers ſleepe all day?
Good morow, good morow, Come wench, come,
Saddle, ſaddle, now afore God too foord-dayes, ha?

Con. Who comes there?

Maior Oh tis Lankaſhire carier, let him paſſe.

Cobham What, will no body open the gates here?
Come, lets int ſtable to looke to our capons.

The carrier calling.

Club calling Hoſte, why oſtler, zwookes, heres ſuch a bomination company of boies: a pox of this pigſtie at the houſe end, it filles all the houſe full of fleas, oſtler, oſtler.

Oſtler Who calles there, what would you haue?

Club Zwookes, do you robbe your ghefts? doe you lodge rogues and flaues, and fcoundrels, ha? they ha ftolne our cloths here: why oftler?

Oſtler A murrein choake you, what a bawling you keepe.

Hoſte How now, what woulde the carrier haue? looke vp there.

Oſtler They ſay that the man and woman that lay by them haue ſtolne their clothes.

Hoſte VVhat, are the ſtrange folkes vp yet that came in yeſter night?

Conſt. VVhat mine hoſte, vp ſo early?

Hoſte VVhat, maiſter Maior, and maiſter Conſtable!

Maior VVe are come to ſeeke for ſome ſuſpected perſons, and ſuch as heere we found, haue apprehended.

Enter the Carrier and Kate in lord Cobham and ladies apparell.

Con. VVho comes heere?

Club VVho comes heere? a plague found ome, you bawle quoth a, ods hat, Ile forzweare your houſe, you lodgde a fellow and his wife by vs that ha runne away with our parrel, and left vs ſuch gew-gawes here, come Kate, come to mee, thowſe dizeard yfaith.

Maior Mine hoſte, know you this man?

Hoſte Yes maiſter Maior, Ile giue my word for him, why neibor Club, how comes this geare about?

Kate Now a fowle ont, I can not make this gew-gaw ſtand on my head, now the lads and the laſſes won flowt me too too

Conſt. How came this man and woman thus attired?

Hoſte Here came a man and woman hither this laſt night, which I did take for ſubſtantiall people, and lodgde all in one chamber by theſe folkes: mee thinkes, haue beene ſo bolde to change apparell, and gone away this morning ere they roſe.

Maior That was that villaine traitour Old-caſtle, that thus eſcaped vs: make out huy and cry yet after him, keepe faſt that traiterous rebell his ſeruant there: farewell mine hoſte.

Carier Come Kate Owdham, thou and Iſe trimly dizard.

Kate Ifaith neame Club, Iſe wot nere what to do, Iſe be ſo flowted

flowted and ſo ſhowted at: but byth meſſe Iſe cry. *exeunt.*

Enter Prieſt and Doll. *Act V ſc. ii*

ſir Iohn Come Dol, come, be mery wench,
Farewell Kent, we are not for thee,
Be lufty my laſſe, come for Lancaſhire,
We muſt nip the Boung for theſe crownes.

Doll Why is all the gold ſpent already that you had the other day?

ſir Iohn Gone Doll, gone, flowne, ſpent, vaniſhed, the diuel, drinke and the dice, has deuoured all.

Doll You might haue left me in Kent, that you might, vntil you had bin better prouided, I could haue ſtaied at Cobham.

ſir Iohn No Dol, no, ile none of that, Kent's too hot Doll, Kent's too hot: the weathercocke of Wrotham will crow no longer, we haue pluckt him, he has loſt his feathers, I haue prunde him bare, left him thrice, is moulted, is moulted, wẽch.

Doll Faith ſir Iohn, I might haue gone to ſeruice againe, old maiſter Harpoole told me he would prouide me a miſtris.

ſir Iohn Peace Doll, peace, come mad wench, Ile make thee an honeſt woman, weele into Lancaſhire to our friends, the troth is, Ile marry thee, we want but a little mony to buy vs a horſe, and to ſpend by the way, the next ſheep that comes ſhal looſe his fleece, weele haue theſe crownes wench I warrant thee: ſtay, who comes here? ſome Iriſh villaine me thinkes that

enter the Iriſh man with his maſter ſlaine.

has ſlaine a man, and drawes him out of the way to rifle him: ſtand cloſe Doll, weele ſee the end.

The Iriſh man falls to rifle his maſter.

Alas poe meſter, S. Riſhard Lee, be ſaint Patricke is rob and cut thy trote, for dee ſhaine, and dy money, and dee gold ring, be me truly is loue thee wel, but now dow be kil thee, bee ſhitten kanaue.

ſir Iohn. Stand ſirra, what art thou?

Iriſhman. Be ſaint Patricke meſter is pore Iriſman, is a leufter.

ſir Iohn Sirra, ſirra, you are a damned rogue, you haue killed a man here, and rifled him of all that he has, sbloud you

rogue deliuer, or ile not leaue you ſo much as an Iriſh haire aboue your ſhoulders, you whorſon Iriſh dogge, ſirra vntruſſe preſently, come off and diſpatch, or by this croſſe ile fetch your head off as cleane as a barke.

Iriſhman. Wees me ſaint Patricke, Iſe kill me meſter for chaine and his ring, and nows be rob of all, mees vndoo.

Prieſt robs him.

ſir Iohn Auant you raſcal, go ſirra, be walking, come Doll the diuel laughes, when one theefe robs another, come madde wench, weele to ſaint Albons, and reuel in our bower, hey my braue girle.

Doll O thou art old ſir Iohn, when all's done yfaith.

Act V ſc. iii *Enter the hoſte of the Bell, with the Iriſh man.*

Iriſhman Be me tro meſter is pore Iriſman, is want ludging, is haue no mony, is ſtarue and cold, good meſter giue her some meate, is famiſe and tie.

Hoſt Yfaith my fellow I haue no lodging, but what I keep for my gueſſe, that I may not diſapoint, as for meate thou ſhalt haue ſuch as there is, & if thou wilt lie in the barne, theres faire ſtraw, and roome enough.

Iriſhman Is thanke my meſter hartily, de ſtraw is good bed for me.

Hoſt Ho Robin?

Robin Who calls?

Hoſt Shew this poore Iriſhman into the barne, go ſirra.

exeunt.

Enter carrier and Kate.

Club. Ho, who's within here, who lookes to the horſes? Gods hatte heres fine worke, the hens in the manger, and the hogs in the litter, a bots found you all, heres a houſe well lookt too yvaith.

Kate Mas goffe Club, Iſe very cawd.

Club. Get in Kate, get in to fier and warme thee.

Club Ho Iohn Hoſtler.

Hoſtler What gaffer Club, welcome to ſaint Albons, How does all our friends in Lancaſhire?

Club.

Club Well God haue mercie Iohn, how does Tom, wheres he?

Hoſtler O Tom is gone from hence, hees at the three horſe-loues at Stony-ſtratford, how does old Dick Dunne?

Club Gods hatte old Dunne has bin moyerd in a ſlough in Brickhil-lane, a plague found it, yonder is ſuch abhomination weather as neuer was ſeene.

Hoſtler. Gods hat thiefe, haue one half pecke of peaſe and oates more for that, as I am Iohn Oſtler, hee has been euer as good a iade as euer traueld.

Club Faith well ſaid old Iacke, thou art the old lad ſtil.

Hoſtler Come Gaffer Club, vnlode, vnlode, and get to ſupper, and Ile rub dunne the while. Come. *exeunt.*

Enter ſir Iohn Old-caſtle, and his Lady diſguiſde. *Act V ſc. ix*

Oldca. Come Madam, happily eſcapt, here let vs ſit,
This place is farre remote from any path,
And here awhile our weary limbs may reſt,
To take refreſhing, free from the purſuite
Of enuious Wincheſter.

Lady But where (my Lord,)
Shall we find reſt for our diſquiet minds?
There dwell vntamed thoughts that hardly ſtoupe,
To ſuch abaſement of diſdained rags,
We were not wont to trauell thus by night,
Eſpecially on foote.

Oldca. No matter loue,
Extremities admit no better choice,
And were it not for thee, ſay froward time,
Impoſde a greater taske, I would eſteeme it
As lightly as the wind that blowes vpon vs,
But in thy ſufferance I am doubly taskt,
Thou waſt not wont to haue the earth thy ſtoole,
Nor the moiſt dewy graſſe thy pillow, nor
Thy chamber to be the wide horriſon,

Lady How can it ſeeme a trouble, hauing you
A partner with me, in the worſt I feele?

No

No gentle Lord, your preſence would giue eaſe
To death it ſelfe, ſhould he now ſeaze vpon me,
Behold what my foreſight hath vndertane *heres bread and*
For feare we faint, they are but homely cates, *cheeſe & a bottle.*
Yet ſaucde with hunger, they may ſeeme as ſweete,
As greater dainties we were wont to taſte.
Oldca. Praiſe be to him whoſe plentie ſends both this,
And all things elſe our mortall bodies need,
Nor ſcorne we this poore feeding, nor the ſtate
We now are in, for what is it on earth,
Nay vnder heauen, continues at a ſtay?
Ebbes not the ſea, when it hath ouerflowne?
Flowes not darknes when the day is gone?
And ſee we not ſometime the eie of heauen,
Dimmd with ouerflying clowdes: theres not that worke
Of carefull nature, or of cunning art,
(How ſtrong, how beauteous, or how rich it be)
But falls in time to ruine: here gentle Madame,
In this one draught I waſh my ſorrow downe. *drinkes.*
Lady And I incoragde with your cheerefull ſpeech,
Wil do the like.
Oldca. Pray God poore Harpoole come,
If he ſhould fall into the Biſhops hands,
Or not remember where we bade him meete vs,
It were the thing of all things elſe, that now
Could breede reuolt in this new peace of mind.
Lady Feare not my Lord, hees witty to deuiſe,
And ſtrong to execute a preſent ſhift.
Oldca. That power be ſtil his guide hath guided vs,
My drowſie eies waxe heauy, earely riſing,
Together with the trauell we haue had,
Make me that I could gladly take a nap,
Were I perſwaded we might be ſecure.
Lady Let that depend on me, whilſt you do ſleepe,
Ile watch that no misfortune happen vs,
Lay then your head vpon my lap ſweete Lord,

And boldly take your reſt.
Oldca. I ſhal deare wife,
Be too much trouble to thee.
Lady Vrge not that,
My duty binds me, and your loue commands.
I would I had the skil with tuned voyce,
To draw on ſleep with ſome ſweet melodie,
But imperfectoin and vnaptneſſe too,
Are both repugnant, feare inſerts the one,
The other nature hath denied me vſe.
But what talke I of meanes to purchaſe that,
Is freely hapned? ſleepe with gentle hand,
Hath ſhut his eie-liddes, oh victorious labour,
How ſoone thy power can charme the bodies ſenſe?
And now thou likewiſe climbſt vnto my braine,
Making my heauy temples ſtoupe to thee,
Great God of heauen from danger keepe vs free. *both ſleepes.*

Enter ſir Richard Lee, and his men

Lee. A murder cloſely done and in my ground?
Search carefully, if any where it were,
This obſcure thicket is the likelieſt place.
ſeruant. Sir I haue found the body ſtiffe with cold,
And mangled cruelly with many wounds.
Lee Looke if thou knoweſt him, turne his body vp,
Alacke it is my ſon, my ſonne and heire,
Whom two yeares ſince, I ſent to Ireland,
To practiſe there the diſcipline of warre,
And comming home (for ſo he wrote to me)
Some ſauage hart, ſome bloudy diuelliſh hand,
Either in hate, or thirſting for his coyne,
Hath here ſlucde out his bloud, vnhappy houre,
Accurſed place, but moſt inconſtant fate,
That hadſt reſerude him from the bullets fire,
And ſuffered him to ſcape the wood-karnes fury,
Didſt here ordaine the treaſure of his life,
(Euen here within the armes of tender peace,

And where ſecurity gate greateſt hope)
To be conſumde by treaſons waſtefull hand?
And what is moſt afflicting to my ſoule,
That this his death and murther ſhould be wrought,
Without the knowledge by whoſe meanes twas done,
2 ſeru. Not ſo ſir, I haue found the authors of it,
See where they ſit, and in their bloudy fiſtes,
The fatall inſtruments of death and ſinne.
Lee Iuſt iudgement of that power, whoſe gracious eie,
Loathing the ſight of ſuch a hainous fact,
Dazeled their ſenſes with benumming ſleepe,
Till their vnhallowed treachery were knowne:
Awake ye monſters, murderers awake,
Tremble for horror, bluſh you cannot chuſe,
Beholding this inhumane deed of yours.
Old. What meane you ſir to trouble weary ſoules,
And interrupt vs of our quiet ſleepe?
Lee Oh diuelliſh! can you boaſt vnto your ſelues
Of quiet ſleepe, hauing within your hearts
The guilt of murder waking, that with cries
Deafes the lowd thunder, and ſollicites heauen,
With more than Mandrakes ſhreekes for your offence?
Lady Old. What murder? you vpbraid vs wrongfully.
Lee Can you deny the fact? ſee you not heere,
The body of my ſonne by you miſ-done?
Looke on his wounds, looke on his purple hew:
Do we not finde you where the deede was done?
Were not your kniues faſt cloſed in your hands?
Is not this cloth an argument beſide,
Thus ſtaind and ſpotted with his innocent blood?
Theſe ſpeaking characters, were nothing elſe
To pleade againſt ye, would conuict you both.
Bring them away, bereauers of my ioy,
At Hartford where the Siſes now are kept,
Their liues ſhall anſwere for my ſonnes loſt life.
Old-caſtle As we are innocent, ſo may we ſpeede.

Lee As I am wrongd, ſo may the law proceede. *exeunt.*

Enter biſhop of Rochester, constable of S. Albons, with ſir Iohn of Wrotham, Doll his wench, and the Iriſhman in Harpooles apparell. *Act V sc. x*

Biſhop What intricate confuſion haue we heere?
Not two houres ſince we apprehended one,
In habite Iriſh, but in ſpeech, not ſo:
And now you bring another, that in ſpeech
Is altogether Iriſh, but in habite
Seemes to be Engliſh: yea and more than ſo,
The ſeruant of that heretike Lord Cobham.

Iriſhman Fait me be no ſeruant of the lord Cobhams,
Me be Mack Chane of Vlſter.

Biſhop Otherwiſe calld Harpoole of Kent, go to ſir,
You cannot blinde vs with your broken Iriſh.

ſir Iohn Truſt me, my Lord Biſhop, whether Iriſh,
Or Engliſh, Harpoole or not Harpoole, that
I leaue to be decided by the triall:
But ſure I am this man by face and ſpeech
Is he that murdred yong ſir Richard Lee:
I met him preſently vpon the fact,
And that he ſlew his maiſter for that gold,
Thoſe iewells, and that chaine I tooke from him.

Biſhop Well, our affaires doe call vs backe to London,
So that we cannot proſecute the cauſe
As we deſire to do, therefore we leaue
The charge with you, to ſee they be conuaide
To Hartford Siſe: both this counterfaite
And you ſir Iohn of Wrotham, and your wench,
For you are culpable as well as they,
Though not for murder, yet for felony.
But ſince you are the meanes to bring to light
This graceleſſe murder, you ſhall beare with you,
Our letters to the Iudges of the bench,
To be your friendes in what they lawfull may.

ſir Iohn I thanke your Lordſhip.

Biſh. So, away with them. *exeunt.*

Act V sc. xi *Enter Gaoler and his man, bringing forth Old castle.*

Gaoler Bring forth the priſoners, ſee the court preparde,
The Iuſtices are comming to the bench.
So, let him ſtand, away, and fetch the reſt. *exeunt.*

Old. Oh giue me patience to indure this ſcourge,
Thou that art fountaine of that vertuous ſtreame,
And though contempt, falſe witnes, and reproch
Hang on theſe yron gyues, to preſſe my life
As low as earth, yet ſtrengthen me with faith,
That I may mount in ſpirite aboue the cloudes.

Enter Gaoler bringing in Lady Old-caſtle, and Harpoole.

Here comes my lady, ſorow tis for her,
Thy wound is greeuous, elſe I ſcoffe at thee.
What and poore Harpoole! art thou ith bryars too?

Harp. Ifaith my Lord, I am in, get out how I can.

Lady Say (gentle Lord) for now we are alone,
And may conferre, ſhall we confeſſe in briefe,
Of whence, and what we are, and ſo preuent
The accuſation is commencde againſt vs?

Old. What will that helpe vs? being knowne, ſweete loue,
VVe ſhall for hereſie be put to death,
For ſo they tearme the religion we profeſſe.
No, if it be ordained we muſt die,
And at this inſtant, this our comfort be,
That of the guilt impoſde, our ſoules are free.

Harp. Yea, yea my lord, Harpoole is ſo reſolude,
I wreake of death the leſſe, in that I die
Not by the ſentence of that enuious prieſt
The Biſhop of Rocheſter, oh were it he,
Or by his meanes that I ſhould ſuffer here,
It would be double torment to my ſoule.

Lady VVell, be it then according as heauen pleaſe.

Enter lord Iudge, two Iuſtices, Maior of Saint Albons, lord Poweſſe and his lady, and old ſir Richard Lee: the Iudge and Iuſtices take their places.

Iudge

Iudge Now M. Maior, what gentleman is that,
You bring with you, before vs, and the bench?
Maior The Lord Powes if it like your honor,
And this his Lady, trauelling toward Wales,
Who for they lodgde laſt night within my houſe,
And my Lord Biſhop did lay ſearch for ſuch,
Were very willing to come on with me,
Leſt for their ſakes, ſuſpition we might wrong.
Iudge We crie your honor mercy good my Lord,
Wilt pleaſe ye take your place, madame your ladyſhip,
May here or where you will repoſe your ſelfe,
Vntill this buſineſſe now in hand be paſt.
Lady Po. I will withdraw into ſome other roome,
So that your Lordſhip, and the reſt be pleaſde.
Iudge With all our hearts: attend the Lady there.
Lord Po. Wife, I haue eyde yond priſoners all this while,
And my conceit doth tel me, tis our friend,
The noble Cobham, and his vertuous Lady.
Lady Po. I think no leſſe, are they ſuſpected trow ye
For doing of this murder?
Lord Po. What it meanes,
I cannot tell, but we ſhall know anon,
Meane ſpace as you paſſe by them, ask the queſtion,
But do it ſecr etly, you be not ſeene,
And make ſome ſigne that I may know your mind.
Lady Po. My Lord Cobham, madam? *as ſhe paſſeth ouer the*
Old. No Cobhã now, nor madam as you loue vs, *ſtage by thẽ.*
But Iohn of Lancaſhire, and Ione his wife.
Lady Po. Oh tel, what is it that our loue can do,
To pleaſure you, for we are bound to you.
Oldca. Nothing but this, that you conceale our names,
So gentle lady paſſe for being ſpied.
Lady Po. My heart I leaue, to beare part of your griefe. *exit.*
Iudge Call the priſoners to the barre: ſir Richard Lee,
What euidence can you bring againſt theſe people,
To proue them guiltie of the murder done?

Lee. This bloudy towell, and theſe naked kniues,
Beſide we found them ſitting by the place,
Where the dead body lay within a buſh.
Iudge VVhat anſwer you why law ſhould not proceed,
According to this euidence giuen in,
To taxe ye with the penalty of death?
Old. That we are free from murders very thought,
And know not how the gentleman was ſlaine.
1 *Iuſt.* How came this linnen cloth ſo boudy then?
Lady Cob. My husband hot with trauelling my lord,
His noſe guſht out a bleeding, that was it.
2 *Iuſt.* But wherefore were your ſharpe edgde kniues vn- (ſheathde?
Lady Cob. To cut ſuch ſimple victuall as we had.
Iudge Say we admit this anſwer to thoſe articles,
VVhat made ye in ſo priuate a darke nooke,
So far remote from any common path,
As was the thicke where the dead corpes was throwne?
Old. Iournying my lord from London from the terme,
Downe into Lancaſhire where we do dwell,
And what with age and trauell being faint,
VVe gladly ſought a place where we might reſt,
Free from reſort of other paſſengers,
And ſo we ſtrayed into that ſecret corner.
Iudge Theſe are but ambages to driue of time,
And linger Iuſtice from her purpoſde end.
But who are theſe?

Enter the Conſtable, bringing in the Iriſhman, ſir Iohn of Wrotham, and Doll.

Conſt. Stay Iudgement, and releaſe thoſe innocents,
For here is hee, whoſe hand hath done the deed,
For which they ſtand indited at the barre,
This ſauage villaine, this rude Iriſh ſlaue,
His tongue already hath confeſt the fact,
And here is witnes to confirme as much.
ſir Iohn Yes my good Lords, no ſooner had he ſlaine
His louing maſter for the wealth he had,

But I vpon the inſtant met with him,
And what he purchacde with the loſſe of bloud:
With ſtrokes I preſently bereau'de him of,
Some of the which is ſpent, the reſt remaining,
I willingly ſurrender to the hands
Of old ſir Richard Lee, as being his,
Beſide my Lord Iudge, I greet your honor,
With letters from my Lord of Winchester. *deliuers a letter.*
Lee Is this the wolfe whoſe thirſty throate did drinke
My deare ſonnes bloud? art thou the ſnake
He cheriſht, yet with enuious piercing ſting,
Aſſaildſt him mortally? foule ſtigmatike,
Thou venome of the country where thou liuedſt,
And peſtilence of this: were it not that law
Stands ready to reuenge thy crueltie,
Traitor to God, thy maſter, and to me,
Theſe hands ſhould be thy executioner.
Iudge Patience ſir Richard Lee, you ſhall haue iuſtice,
And he the guerdon of his baſe deſert,
The fact is odious, therefore take him hence,
And being hangde vntil the wretch be dead,
His body after ſhall be hangd in chaines,
Neare to the place, where he did act the murder.
Iriſh. Prethee Lord ſhudge let me haue mine own clothes, my ſtrouces there, and let me be hangd in a with after my cuntry, the Iriſh faſhion. *exit.*
Iudge Go to, away with him, and now ſir Iohn,
Although by you, this murther came to light,
And therein you haue well deſeru'd, yet vpright law,
So will not haue you be excuſde and quit,
For you did rob the Iriſhman, by which
You ſtand attained here of felony,
Beſide, you haue bin lewd, and many yeares
Led a laſciuious vnbeſeeming life.
ſir Iohn Oh but my Lord, he repents, ſir Iohn repents, and he will mend.

Iudge.

Iudge In hope thereof, together with the fauour,
My Lord of Wincheſter intreates for you,
We are content you ſhall be proued.
ſir Iohn I thanke your good Lordſhip,
Iudge Theſe other falſly here, accuſde, and brought
In perill wrongfully, we in like ſort
Do ſet at liberty, paying their fees.
Lord Po. That office if it pleaſe ye I will do,
For countries ſake, becauſe I know them well,
They are my neighbours, therefore of my coſt,
Their charges ſhall be paide.
Lee. And for amends,
Touching the wrong vnwittingly I haue done,
There are a few crownes more for them to drinke. *giues them a purſe.*
Iudge. Your kindnes merites praiſe ſir Richard Lee,
So let vs hence. *exeunt all but Lord Poweſſe and Oldcaſtle.*
Lord Po. But Poweſſe ſtill muſt ſtay,
There yet remaines a part of that true loue,
He owes his noble friend vnſatisfide,
And vnperformd, which firſt of all doth bind me,
To gratulate your lordſhips ſafe deliuery,
And then intreat, that ſince vnlookt for thus,
We here are met, your honor would vouchſafe,
To ride with me to Wales, where though my power,
(Though not to quittance thoſe great benefites,
I haue receiud of you) yet both my houſe,
My purſe, my ſeruants, and what elſe I haue,
Are all at your command, deny me not,
I know the Biſhops hate purſues ye ſo,
As theres no ſafety in abiding here.
Old. Tis true my Lord, and God forgiue him for it.
Lord Po. Then let vs hence, you ſhall be ſtraight prouided
Of luſty geldings, and once entred VVales,
VVell may the Biſhop hunt, but ſpight his face,
He neuer more ſhall haue the game in chace. *exeunt.*

FINIS.

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